OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

EMIGRATION

OF

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY,

AND ON

THE SEVERAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED TO HIM, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK.

WITH ADDITIONS;

Containing many curious and interesting Facts on the Subject, not known when the former Editions were published:

TOGETHER

WITH A COMPREHENSIVE STORY

OF A

FARMER's BULL.

By PETER PORCUPINE.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

" Du mensonge toujours le vrai demeure maitre :
" Pour paraitre honnête homme, en un mot, il faut l'être ;
" Et jamais, quoi qu'il faſſe, un mortel ici bas,
" Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'eſt pas."

BOILEAU.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO THE

GAZETTEERS OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN this Pamphlet firſt made its appearance in this City, you all agreed, that it might do well enough for the deſpotic States of Europe; but that it was by no means fit for the meridian of the United States. And you have very lately obliged the public with the copy of a letter from Liverpool, in which, you ſay, the writer obſerves, that the Obſervations on the Emigration of Doctor Joſeph Prieſtley *have been re-publiſhed* there, *and that, "it is one of the "moſt ſcandalous publications that ever iſſued from "any preſs."*

Theſe are rather hard lines, gentlemen. I do not know what I have done, thus to draw down your vengeance on me. 'Tis true, I cannot, like you, take towns and iſlands as faſt as Father Luke takes ſnuff; or erect a bridge acroſs the Engliſh Channel with as little trouble as ſome people can the bridge a fiddle: I cannot put Dukes into iron cages, and ſend them to Paris for Mocking Birds, or chop away at the heads of kings and miniſters with as little ceremony as if I were chopping a ſtick of wood: nor can I ſpread fleets over the ocean, and religion, peace, and plenty

over

over the country, as quick as a ſurgeon's 'prentice ſpreads a plaſter. No, gentlemen, it is your province to perform feats like theſe, and, if I am not much deceived in my own heart, I am far, very far, from envying you your exalted ſtations. But, if you are ſtrong, be merciful. Though you are the great Leviathans of Literature, you may ſuffer a poor herring to ſwim in the ſame ſea; there is certainly room enough for you and me too.

Was it well done, gentlemen, firſt to play at foot-ball with a poor pamphlet 'till you were tired, and then turn it into a ſhuttle-cock, and ſet your devils to knocking it from one hemiſphere to the other? Aſſuredly not; for, though the work itſelf might merit rough treatment at your hands, yet, as it was in print, the natural affection that you muſt be ſuppoſed to bear your typographical brethren ought to have 'wakened in you ſome compaſſion towards it.

You have had the goodneſs to inform the public, that this work is neither fit for the meridian of the United States, nor the meridian of Great Britain; but it appears that the public (in this country at leaſt) think otherwiſe. How the public dare to differ from you in opinion I ſhall not pretend to ſay; but certain it is, that the numerous applications for this pamphlet have induced me to publiſh, with your leave, a third edition of it.

To

To render this edition more worthy the perusal of your honours than the last, I have made a considerable addition, which I have been able to do from my being now in possession of some curious facts, concerning the Doctor's Emigration, which were unknown on this side the water, when the first edition was published.

I obey the call for this edition with more pleasure, as it furnishes me with an opportunity of proving, beyond contradiction, many things, which some people have looked upon as very "hazarded assertions," and which you gentlemen (never the most delicate) have not scrupled to call falshoods.

I cannot conclude this address, without praying you to continue me your good offices. If the first edition merited your disapprobation, I am in hopes this will be found to merit it in a much higher degree. If it should be otherwise decreed, if I am doomed to suffer your applauses, I trust, that he who is preparing me the chastisement, will give me fortitude to bear it like a man.

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your's, &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR.

OBSERVATIONS, &c. &c.

WHEN the arrival of Doctor Prieſtley in the United States was firſt announced, I looked upon his emigration (like the propoſed retreat of Cowley, to his imaginary Paradiſe, the Summer Iſlands) as no more than the effect of that weakneſs, that deluſive caprice, which too often accompanies the decline of life, and which is apt, by a change of place, to flatter age with a renovation of faculties, and a return of departed genius. Viewing him as a man that ſought repoſe, my heart welcomed him to the ſhores of peace, and wiſhed him, what he certainly ought to have wiſhed himſelf, a quiet obſcurity. But his anſwers to the addreſſes of the Democratic and other Societies at New-York, place him in quite a different light, and ſubject him to the animadverſions of a public, among whom they have been induſtriouſly propagated.

No man has a right to pry into his neighbour's private concerns; and the opinions of every man are his private concerns, while he keeps them ſo; that is to ſay, while they are confined to himſelf, his fa-

mily and particular friends: but when he makes thoſe opinions public; when he once attempts to make converts, whether it be in religion, politics, or any thing elſe; when he once comes forward as a candidate for public admiration, eſteem or compaſſion, his opinions, his principles, his motives, every action of his life, public or private, become the fair ſubject of public diſcuſſion. On this principle, which the Doctor ought to be the laſt among Mankind to controvert, it is eaſy to perceive that theſe Obſervations need no apology.

His anſwers to the addreſſes of the New-York ſocieties are evidently calculated to miſlead and deceive the people of the United States. He there endeavours to impoſe himſelf on them for a ſufferer in the cauſe of Liberty; and makes a canting profeſſion of moderation, in direct contradiction to the conduct of his whole life.

He ſays, he hopes to find here, "that protection "from violence, which laws and government pro- "miſe in all countries, but which he has not found "in his own." He certainly muſt ſuppoſe that no European intelligence ever reaches this ſide of the Atlantic, or that the inhabitants of theſe countries are too dull to comprehend the ſublime events that mark his life and character. Perhaps I ſhall ſhow him, that it is not the people of England alone who know how to eſtimate the merit of Doctor Prieſtley.

Let us examine his claims to our compaſſion: let us ſee whether his charge againſt the laws and government of his country be juſt, or not.

On the 14th of July, 1791, an unruly mob, aſſembled in the town of Birmingham, ſet fire to his houſe, and burnt it, together with all it contained. This

is

is the ſubject of his complaint, and the pretended cauſe of his emigration. The fact is not denied; but in the relation of facts circumſtances muſt not be forgotten. To judge of the Doctor's charge againſt his country, we muſt take a retroſpective view of his conduct, and of the circumſtances that led to the deſtruction of his property.

It is about twelve years ſince he began to be diſtinguiſhed among the diſſenters from the eſtabliſhed church of England. He preached up a kind of *deiſm*,* which nobody underſtood, and which it was thought the Doctor underſtood full as well as his neighbours. This doctrine afterwards aſſumed the name of Unitarianiſm, and the *religieux* of the order were called, or rather they called themſelves, Unitarians. The ſect never roſe into conſequence; and the founder had the mortification of ſeeing his darling Unitarianiſm growing quite out of date with himſelf, when the French Revolution came, and gave them both a ſhort reſpite from eternal oblivion.

Thoſe who know any of the Engliſh diſſenters, know that they always introduce their political claims and projects under the maſk of religion. The Doctor was one of thoſe who entertained hopes of bringing about a revolution in England upon the French plan; and for this purpoſe he found it would be very convenient for him to be at the head of a religious ſect. Unitarianiſm was now revived, and the ſociety held regular meetings at Birmingham.

* This is one of thoſe "hazarded aſſertions;" alluded to in the introductory addreſs. But how is it hazarded? The Doctor ſays, in his anſwer to Paine's Age of Reaſon, that "the doctrines of "*atonement*, *incarnation*, and the *trinity*, have no more foundation in "the ſcriptures, than the doctrine of *tranſmigration*." Is not this a kind of *deiſm*? Is it not *deiſm* altogether? Can a man who denies the divinity of *Chriſt*, and that he died to ſave ſinners, have any pretenſions to the name of *Chriſtian*?

ham. In the inflammatory diſcourſes, called ſermons, delivered at theſe meetings, the Engliſh conſtitution was firſt openly attacked. Here it was that the Doctor beat his drum eccleſiaſtic, to raiſe recruits in the cauſe of rebellion. The preſs ſoon ſwarmed with publications expreſſive of his principles. The revolutioniſts began to form ſocieties all over the kingdom, between which a mode of communication was eſtabliſhed, in perfect conformity to that of the Jacobin Clubs in France.

Nothing was neglected by this branch of the Pariſian *Propagande*, to excite the people to a general inſurrection. Inflammatory hand-bills, advertiſements, federation dinners, toaſts, ſermons, prayers; in ſhort, every trick that religious or political duplicity could ſuggeſt, was played off to deſtroy a conſtitution which has borne the teſt, and attracted the admiration of ages; and to eſtabliſh in its place a new ſyſtem, fabricated by themſelves.

The fourteenth of July, 1791, was of too much note in the annals of modern regeneration to be neglected by theſe regenerated politicians. A club of them, of which Dr. Prieſtley was a member, gave public notice of a feaſt, to be held at Birmingham, in which they intended to celebrate the French revolution. Their endeavours had hitherto excited no other ſentiments, in what may be called the people of England, than thoſe of contempt. The people of Birmingham, however, felt, on this occaſion, a convulſive movement. They were ſcandaliſed at this public notice for holding in their town a feſtival, to celebrate events which were in reality a ſubject of the deepeſt horror: and ſeeing in it at the ſame time an open and audacious attempt to deſtroy the conſtitution of their country, and with it their happineſs, they thought their underſtanding and loyalty inſulted,

and

and prepared to avenge themſelves by the chaſtiſement of the Engliſh revolutioniſts, in the midſt of their ſcandalous orgies. The feaſt nevertheleſs took place; but the Doctor, knowing himſelf to be the grand projector, and conſequently the particular object of his townman's vengeance, prudently kept away. The cry of *church and king* was the ſignal for the people to aſſemble; which they did to a conſiderable number, oppoſite the hotel where the convives were met. The club diſperſed, and the mob proceeded to breaking the windows, and other acts of violence incident to ſuch ſcenes; but let it be remembered that no perſonal violence was offered. Perhaps it would have been well, if they had vented their anger on the perſons of the revolutioniſts; provided they had contented themſelves with the ceremony of the horſe-pond or blanket. Certain it is, that it would have been very fortunate if the riot had ended this way; but when that many-headed monſter, a mob, is once rouſed and put in motion, who can ſtop its deſtructive ſteps?

From the *hotel of the federation* the mob proceeded to Doctor Prieſtley's Meeting-Houſe, which they very nearly deſtroyed in a little time. Had they ſtopped here all would yet have been well. The deſtruction of this temple of ſedition and infidelity would have been of no great conſequence; but, unhappily for them and the town of Birmingham, they could not be ſeparated, before they had deſtroyed the houſes and property of many members of the club. Some of theſe houſes, among which was Dr. Prieſtley's, were ſituated at the diſtance of ſome miles from town; the mob were in force to defy all the efforts of the civil power, and, unluckily, none of the military could be brought to the place, until ſome days after the 14th of July. In the mean time many ſpacious and elegant houſes were burnt, and

much valuable property deſtroyed; but it is certainly worthy remark, that during the whole of theſe unlawful proceedings, not a ſingle perſon was killed or wounded, either wilfully or by accident, except ſome of the rioters themſelves. At the end of four or five days this riot, which ſeemed to threaten more ſerious conſequences, was happily terminated by the arrival of a detachment of dragoons; and tranquillity was reſtored to the diſtreſſed town of Birmingham.

The magiſtrates uſed every exertion in their power to quell this riot in its very earlieſt ſtage, and continued ſo to do to the laſt. The Earl of Plymouth condeſcended to attend, and act as a juſtice of the peace; ſeveral clergymen of the church of England alſo attended in the ſame capacity, and all were indefatigable in their endeavours to put a ſtop to the depredations, and to re-eſtabliſh order.

Every one knows, that in ſuch caſes, it is difficult to diſcriminate, and that it is neither neceſſary nor juſt, if it be poſſible, to impriſon, try, and execute the whole of the mob. Eleven of theſe rioters were, however, indicted; ſeven of them were acquitted, four found guilty, and of theſe four, two ſuffered death. Theſe unfortunate men were, according to the law, proſecuted on the part of the king; and it has been allowed by the Doctor's own partizans, that the proſecution was carried on with every poſſible enforcement, and even rigour, by the judges and counſellors. The pretended lenity was laid to the charge of the jury! What a contradiction! They accuſe the government of ſcreening the rioters from the penalty due to their crimes, and at the ſame time they accuſe the jury of their acquittal! It is the misfortune of Doctor Prieſtley and all his adherents ever to be inconſiſtent with themſelves.

After this general review of the riots, in which the Doctor was unlawfully deſpoiled of his property, let us return to the merits of his particular caſe, and his complaint; and here let it be recollected, that it is not of the rioters alone that he complains, but of the laws and government of his country alſo. Upon an examination of particulars we ſhall find, that ſo far from his having juſt cauſe of complaint, the laws have rendered him ſtrict juſtice, if not ſomething more; and that if any party has reaſon to complain of their execution, it is the town of Birmingham, and not Doctor Prieſtley.

Some time after the riots, the Doctor and the other Revolutioniſts who had property deſtroyed, brought their actions, for damages againſt the town of Birmingham, or rather againſt the hundred of which that town makes a part. The Doctor laid his damages at 4122*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.* *ſterling*; of which ſum 420*l.* 15*s.* was for works in manuſcript, which he ſaid had been conſumed in the flames. The trial of this cauſe took up nine hours: the jury gave a verdict in his favour; but curtailed the damages to 2502*l.* 18s. It was righty conſidered that the imaginary value of the manuſcript works ought not to have been included in the damages; becauſe the Doctor, being the author of them, he, in fact, poſſeſſed them ſtill, and the loſs could be little more than a few ſheets of dirty paper. Beſides, if they were to be eſtimated by thoſe he had publiſhed for ſome years before, their deſtruction was a benefit inſtead of a loſs, both to himſelf and his country. This ſum then of 420*l.* 15*s.* being deducted, the damages ſtood at 3701*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; and it ſhould not be forgotten that even a great part of this ſum was charged for an apparatus of philoſophical inſtruments, which, in ſpite of the moſt unpardonable gaſ-

conade of the Philoſopher*, can be looked upon as a thing of imaginary value only; and ought not to be eſtimated at its *coſt* any more than a collection of ſhells or inſects, or any other of the *frivola* of a virtuoſo.

Now, it is notorious that actions for damages are always brought for much higher ſums than are ever expected to be recovered. Sometimes they are brought for three-times the amount of the real damage ſuſtained; ſometimes for double, and ſometimes for only a third more than the real damage. If we view then the Doctor's eſtimate in the moſt favourable light, if we ſuppoſe that he made but the addition of one third to his real damages, the ſum he ought to have received would be no more than 2467 *l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*; whereas he actually received 2502*l.* 18*s.* which was 35*l.* 2*d.* more than he had a right to expect. And yet he complains that he has not found protection from the laws and government of his country! If he had been the very beſt ſubject in England in place of one of the very worſt, what could the laws have done more for him? Nothing certainly can be a ſtronger proof of the independence of the courts of juſtice, and of the impartial execution of the laws of England than the circumſtances and reſult of this cauſe. A man who had for many years been the avowed and open enemy of the government and conſtitution, had his property deſtroyed by a mob, who declared themſelves the friends of both, and who roſe on him becauſe

* "You have deſtroyed the moſt truly valuable and uſeful apparatus of philoſophical inſtruments that perhaps any individual, in this or any other country, was ever poſſeſſed of, in my uſe of which I annually ſpent large ſums, with no pecuniary view whatever, but only in the advancement of ſcience, *for the benefit of my country and of mankind.*"

Letter to the Inhabitants of Birmingham.

cauſe he was not. This mob were purſued by the government whoſe cauſe they thought they were defending; ſome of them ſuffered death, and the inhabitants of the place where they aſſembled, were obliged to indemnify the man whoſe property they had deſtroyed. It would be curious to know what ſort of protection this *reverend* Doctor, this "friend of humanity" wanted. Would nothing ſatisfy him but the blood of the whole mob? Did he wiſh to ſee the town of Birmingham, like that of Lyons, razed, and all its induſtrious and loyal inhabitants butchered; becauſe ſome of them had been carried to commit unlawful exceſſes from their deteſtation of his wicked projects? BIRMINGHAM HAS COMBATTED AGAINST PRIESTLEY, BIRMINGHAM IS NO MORE. This, I ſuppoſe, would have ſatisfied the charitable modern philoſopher, who pretended, and who the Democratic ſociety ſay did, "return to his enemies bleſſings for curſes." Woe to the wretch that is expoſed to the benedictions of a modern philoſopher. His "*dextre vengreſſe*" is ten thouſand times more to be feared than the bloody poignard of the aſſaſſin: the latter is drawn on individuals only, the other is pointed at the human race. Happily for the people of Birmingham theſe bleſſings had no effect; there was no National Convention, Revolutionary Tribunal, or Guillotine in England.

As I have already obſerved, if the Doctor had been the beſt and moſt peaceable ſubject in the kingdom, the government and laws could not have yielded him more perfect protection; his complaint would therefore be groundleſs, if he had given no provocation to the people, if he had in no wiſe contributed to the riots. If then he has received ample juſtice, conſidered as an innocent man, and a good ſubject, what ſhall we think of his complaint, when we find that he was himſelf the principal cauſe of theſe

theſe riots; and that the rioters did nothing that was not perfectly conſonant to the principles he had for many years been labouring to infuſe into their minds?

That he and his club were the cauſe of the riots will not be diſputed; for had they not given an inſulting notice of their intention to celebrate the horrors of the fourteenth of July, accompanied with an inflammatory hand-bill, intended to excite an inſurrection againſt the government, * no riot would ever have taken place, and conſequently its diſaſtrous effects would have been avoided. But, it has been ſaid, that there was nothing offenſive in this inflammatory hand-bill; becauſe forſooth "the matter of "it (however indecent and untrue) was not *more vi-* "*rulent* than Paine's Rights of Man, Mackintoſh's "anſwer to Burke, Remarks on the conſtitution of "England, *&c. &c.* which had been lately publiſh-"ed without incurring the *cenſure of government.*" So; an inflammatory performance, acknowledged to be *indecent* and *untrue,* is not offenſive, becauſe it is not *more virulent* than ſome other performances, which have eſcaped the cenſure of government! If this is not a new manner of arguing, it is at leaſt an odd one. But this hand-bill had ſomething *more malicious* in it, if not *more virulent,* than even the inflammatory works above mentioned. *They* were more difficult to come at; to have *them* they muſt be bought. *They* contained ſomething like reaſoning, the fallacy of which the government was very ſure would be detected, by the good ſenſe of thoſe who took the pains to read them. A hand-bill was a more commodious inſtrument of ſedition: It was calculated to have immediate effect. Beſides, if there

* This hand-bill was diſowned by the club, and they offered a reward for apprehending the author; but they took care to ſend him to France before their advertiſement appeared.

there had been nothing offenſive in it, why did the club think proper to diſown it in ſo ceremonious a manner? They diſowned it with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations, offered a reward for apprehending the author, and afterwards juſtified it as an inoffenſive thing. Here is a palpable inconſiſtency. The fact is, they perceived that this precious morſel of eloquence, in place of raiſing a mob for them, was like to raiſe one againſt them: they ſaw the ſtorm gathering, and in the moment of fear diſowned the writing. After the danger was over, ſeeing they could not exculpate themſelves from the charge of having publiſhed it, they defended it as an inoffenſive performance.

The Doctor, in his juſtificatory letter to the people of Birmingham, ſays that the company were aſſembled on this occaſion "to celebrate the emancipa-"tion of a neighbouring nation from tyranny, with-"out intimating a deſire of *any thing more* than *an* "*improvement of their own conſtitution*" Exceſſive modeſty! *Nothing but an improvement?* A LA FRANÇOISE of courſe? However, with reſpect to the church, as it was a point of conſcience, the club do not ſeem to have been altogether ſo moderate in deſigns. "Believe me," ſays the Doctor, in the ſame letter, "the church of England, which you "think you are ſupporting, has received a greater "*blow* by this conduct of your's than *I* and *all my* "*friends* have ever *aimed at it*" They had then, it ſeems, aimed *a blow* at the eſtabliſhed church, and were forming a plan for *improving* the conſtitution; and yet the Doctor, in the ſame letter, twice expreſſes his aſtoniſhment at their being treated as the enemies of church and ſtate. In a letter to the ſtudents of the college of Hackney, he ſays, a "Hie-"rarchy, equally *the bane of chriſtianity and rational* "*liberty*, now confeſſes its weakneſs; and be aſſured "that

"that you will ſee its complete reformation or *its "fall.*" And yet he has the aſſurance to tell the people of Birmingham, that their ſuperiors have deceived them in repreſenting him and his ſect as the enemies of church and ſtate.

But, ſay they, we certainly exerciſed the right of freemen in aſſembling together; and even if our meeting had been unlawful, cognizance ſhould have been taken of it by the magiſtracy: there can be no liberty where a ferocious mob is ſuffered to ſupercede the law. Very true. This is what the Doctor has been told a thouſand times, but he never would believe it. He ſtill continued to bawl out; "The ſunſhine of reaſon will aſſuredly chaſe away "and diſſipate the miſts of darkneſs and error; and "when the majeſty *is inſulted* or they feel themſelves "oppreſſed by *any ſet of men* they have the power to "redreſs the grievance." So the people of Birmingham, feeling their majeſty inſulted by *a ſet of men* (and a very impudent ſet of men too), who audaciouſly attempted to perſuade them that they were "*all ſlaves and idolatars*" and to ſeduce them from their duty to God and their country, roſe "*to redreſs the grievance.*" And yet he complains? Ah! ſays he, but, my good townſmen,

"——— you miſtake the matter:
"For, in all ſcruples of this nature,
"No man includes *himſelf* nor turns
"The point upon his own concerns."

And, therefore, he ſays to the people of Birmingham: "You have been miſled." But had they ſuffered themſelves to be miſled by himſelf into an inſurrection againſt the government, had they burnt the churches, cut the throats of the clergy, and hung the magiſtrates, military officers and nobility to the lamp poſts, would he not have ſaid that they exerciſed

ed a ſacred right? Nay, was not the very feſtival, which was the immediate cauſe of the riots, held expreſsly to celebrate ſcenes like theſe? to celebrate the inglorious triumphs of a mob? The fourteenth of July was a day marked with the blood of the innocent, and eventually the deſtruction of an empire. The events of that day muſt ſtrike horror to every heart, except that of a deiſtical philoſopher, and would brand with eternal infamy any other nation but France; which, thanks to the benign influence of the Rights of Man, has made ſuch a progreſs in ferociouſneſs, murder, ſacrilege, and every ſpecies of infamy, that the horrors of the fourteenth of July are already forgotten.

What we celebrate we muſt approve; and does not the man, who approved of the events of the fourteenth of July, bluſh to complain of the Birmingham riots? "Happily," ſays he to the people of Birmingham, "happily the minds of Engliſhmen have "a horror for *murder* and, therefore, you did not, I "hope, think of that; though by your clamorous "demanding me at the hotel, it is probable that, at "that time, ſome of you intended me ſome perſonal "injury." Yes, Sir, happily the minds of Engliſhmen have a horror for murder; but who will ſay that the minds of Engliſhmen, or Engliſhwomen either would have a horror for murder, if you had ſucceeded in overturning their religion and conſtitution, and introducing your Frenchified ſyſtem of liberty? The French were acknowledged to be the moſt polite, gentle, compaſſionate and hoſpitable people in all Europe: what are they now? Let Lafayette, Briſſot, Anacharſis Cloots, or Thomas Payne himſelf anſwer this queſtion.

Let us ſee a little how mobs have acted under the famous government that the Doctor ſo much admires.

I ſhall

I ſhall not attempt a detail of the horrors committed by the cut-throat Jourdan and his aſſociates in Provence, Avignon, Languedoc, and Rouſillon. Towns and villages ſacked, gentlemen's ſeats and caſtles burnt, and their inhabitants maſſacred; magiſtrates inſulted, beat, and impriſoned, ſometimes killed; priſoners ſet at liberty to cut the throats of thoſe they had already robbed. The exploits of this band of *patriots* would fill whole volumes. They reduced a great part of the inhabitants of the fineſt and moſt fertile country in the whole world, to a degree of miſery and ruin that would never have been forgotten, had it not been ſo far eclipſed ſince, by the operation of what is, in "that devoted country," called the law. The amount of the damages ſuſtained in property was, perhaps, a hundred thouſand times as great as that ſuſtained by the Revolutioniſts at Birmingham. When repeated accounts of theſe murderous ſcenes were laid before the National Aſſembly, what was the conſequence? what the redreſs? "We had our fears" ſaid Monſieur Gentil; "for the priſoners of Avignon, and for the lives and "property of the inhabitants of that unhappy coun-"try; but theſe fears are now changed into a cer-"tainty: the priſoners are releaſed; the country "ſeats are burnt, and"——Monſieur Gentil was called to order, and not ſuffered to proceed; after which theſe precious "Guardians of the Rights of Man" paſſed a cenſure on him, for having ſlandered the patriots. It is notorious that the chief of theſe cut-throats, Jourdan, has ſince produced his butcheries in Avignon as a proof of his *civiſm*, and that he is now a diſtinguiſhed character among the real friends of the Revolution.

Does the Doctor remember having heard any thing about the glorious atchievements of the tenth of Auguſt, 1792? Has he ever made an eſtimate of the

the property deſtroyed in Paris on that and the following days? Let him compare the deſtruction that followed the ſteps of that mob, with the loſs of his boaſted apparatus; and when he has done this, let him tell us, if he can, where he would now be, if the government of England had treated him and his friends, as the National Aſſembly did the ſufferers in the riots of the 10th of Auguſt. But, perhaps, he looks upon the events of that day as a glorious victory, a new emancipation, and, of courſe, will ſay, that I degrade the *Heroes* in calling them a mob. I am not for diſputing with him about a name; he may call them the heroes of the 10th of Auguſt, if he will: "The Heroes of the 14th of July," has always been underſtood to mean, *a gang of blood thirſty cannibals* and I would by no means wiſh to withold the title from thoſe of the 10th of Auguſt.

Will the Doctor allow, that it was a mob that murdered the ſtate priſoners from Orleans? or does he inſiſt upon calling that maſſacre an *act of civiſm* and the actors in it, the heroes of the 12th of September? But whether it was an act of civiſm, a maſſacre or a victory, or whatever it was, I cannot help giving it a place here, as I find it recorded by his countryman, Doctor Moore. "The mangled bodies," ſays he, "were lying in the ſtreet on the left "hand as you go to the *Chateau* from Paris. Some "of the lower ſort of the inhabitants of Verſailles "were looking on; the reſt ſtruck with terror, were "ſhut up in their ſhops and houſes. The body of "the Duke of Briſſac was pointed out, the head and "one of the hands were cut off! a man ſtood near "ſmoaking tobacco, with his ſword drawn, and a "human hand ſtuck on the point! another fellow "walked careleſsly among the bodies with an en-"tire arm of another of the priſoners fixed to the "point of his ſword! A waggon afterwards arrived,

"into

" into which were thrown as many of the ſlaughter-
" ed bodies as the horſes could draw! A boy of about
" fifteen years of age was in the waggon, aſſiſting to
" receive the bodies as they were put in, and pack-
" ing them in the moſt convenient manner, with an
" air of as much indifference as if they had been ſo
" many parcels of goods! One of the wretches who
" threw in the bodies, and who probably had aſſiſt-
" ed in the maſſacre, ſaid to the ſpectators, in praiſe
" of the boy's activity; " *See that little fellow there,*
" *how bold he is!*"

" The aſſaſſins of the priſoners were a party who
" came from Paris the preceeding evening, moſt of
" them in poſt chaiſes, for that purpoſe, and who
" attacked thoſe unhappy men while they remain-
" ed in the ſtreet, waiting until the gate of the pri-
" ſon which was prepared for their reception, ſhould
" be opened. The detachment which had guarded
" the priſoners from Orleans, ſtood ſhameful and
" paſſive ſpectators of the maſſacre.—The miſerable
" priſoners being all unarmed, and ſome of them
" fettered, could do nothing in their own defence:
" they were moſt of them ſtabbed—and a few, who
" attempted reſiſtance, were cut down with ſabres.

" There never was a more barbarous and daſtard-
" ly action performed in the face of the ſun.—Gra-
" cious Heaven! Were thoſe barbarities, which
" would diſgrace ſavages, committed by French-
" men! by that lively and ingenuous people, whoſe
" writings were ſo much admired, whoſe ſociety has
" been ſo much courted, and whoſe manners have
" been ſo much imitated by all the neighbouring
" nations?—This attrocious deed, executed in the
" ſtreets of Verſailles, and the horrors committed in
" the priſons of Paris, will fix indelible ſtains on the
" character of the French nation. It is ſaid thoſe

" barbarities

" barbarities revolted the hearts of many of the " citizens of Paris and Verſailles, as much as they " could thoſe of the inhabitants of London or " Windſor. It is alſo ſaid that thoſe maſſacres were " not committed by the inhabitants of Paris or " Verſailles, but by a ſet of hired aſſaſſins.—But " who hired thoſe aſſaſſins? Who remained in " ſhameful ſtupor and daſtardly inactivity, while " their laws where inſulted, their priſons violated, " and their fellow citizens butchered in the open " ſtreets? I do not believe, that from the wickedeſt " gangs of highway-men, houſe-breakers, and pick- " pockets, that infeſt London and the neighbour- " hood, men could be ſelected who could be bribed " to murder, in cold blood, ſuch a number of their " countrymen!—and if they could, I am convinced " that no degree of popular deluſion they are capa- " ble of, no pretext, no motive whatever, could " make the inhabitants of London or Windſor, or " any town of Great Britain, ſuffer ſuch dreadful " executions to be performed within their walls."

No; I hope not: yet I do not know what might have been effected, by an introduction of the ſame ſyſtem of anarchy, that has changed the airy amiable French into a ſet of the moſt ferocious inhuman blood-hounds that ever diſgraced the human ſhape.

From ſcenes like theſe the mind turns for relief and conſolation to the riot at Birmingham. That riot, conſidered comparatively with what Doctor Prieſtley and his friends wiſhed and attempted to ſtir up, was peace, harmony and gentleneſs. Has this man any reaſon to complain? He will perhaps ſay, he did not approve of the French riots and maſſacres; to which I ſhall anſwer, that he did approve of them. His public celebration of them

was a convincing proof of this; and if it were not, his ſending his ſon to Paris, in the midſt of them, to requeſt the *honour* of becoming a French citizen, is a proof that certainly will not be diſputed.* If then we take a view of the riots of which the doctor is an admirer, and of thoſe of which he expreſſes his deteſtation, we muſt fear that he is very far from being that "*friend of human happineſs*" that the democratic ſociety pretend to believe him. In ſhort, in whatever light we view the Birmingham riots, we can ſee no object that excites our compaſſion, except the inhabitants of the Hundred and the unfortunate Rioters themſelves.

The charge that the Doctor brings againſt his country is, that it has not *afforded him protection*. It ought to be remarked here, that there is a material difference between a government that does not at all times afford *ſufficient protection*, and one that is *oppreſſive*. However, in his anſwer to the New-York addreſſes, he very politely acquieſces in the government and laws of England being oppreſſive alſo. Would he really prefer the proceedings of a *revolutionary Tribunal* to thoſe of a court of juſtice in England? Does he envy the lot of his colleagues Manuel, Lacroix, Danton and Chabot? How would he look before a tribunal like that of the Princeſs de Lambelle, for example? When this

* Another "hazarded aſſertion." Let us hear the Doctor again. "My ſecond Son, who was preſent both at the riot, and the "aſſizes, felt more indignation ſtill, and willingly liſtened to a propo- "ſal to ſettle in France; and there his reception was but too flatter- "ing." It is uſeleſs to aſcertain the time of this flattering reception, in order to prove that it was in the midſt of maſſacres; for the revolution has been one continued ſcene of murder and rapine; but, however, if the reader has an opportunity of examining the Paris papers, he will find that the ceremony took place within a very few days of the time when Jourdan filled the *Ice-houſe* at Avignon with mangled bodies.

much

much lamented unfortunate lady was dragged before the villians, that ſat in a kind of mock judgment on her, they were drinking *eau de vie*, to the damnation of thoſe that lay dead before them. Their ſhirt ſleeves were tucked up to their elbows; their arms and hands, and even the goblets they were drinking out of, were beſmeared with human blood! I much queſtion if the aſſaſſin's ſtab, or even the laſt pang of death with all its concomitant bitterneſs, was half ſo terrible as the blood-freezing ſight of theſe hell-hounds. Yet this was a *court of juſtice*, under that conſtitution which "the friend "of human happineſs" wanted to impoſe on his countrymen! Paine, in ſpeaking of the Engliſh government, ſays exultingly, and as he fancies wittily, "they manage thoſe things better in France." I fancy this boaſting "repreſentative of twenty four "millions of free men" would now be glad to exchange his poſt of deputy for that of under ſhoeblack to the meaneſt lackey at the court of London! Would he not with joy exchange his *cachot*, with the reverſion of the guillotine into the bargain, for the darkeſt cell in that very Baſtile, the deſtruction of which he has ſo triumphantly and heroically ſung? His fate is a good hint to thoſe who change countries every time they croſs the ſea. A man of all countries is a man of no country: and let all thoſe citizens of the world remember, that he who has been a bad ſubject in his own country, though from ſome latent motive he may be well received in another, will never be either *truſted* or *reſpected*.

The Doctor and his fellow labourers, who have lately emigrated to Botany Bay, have been continually crying out, "a reform of Parliament." The ſame viſionary deluſion ſeems to have pervaded all reformers in all ages. They do not conſider what *can* be done, but what they think ought to be done.

They have no calculating principle to direct them to diſcover whether a reform will coſt them more than it is worth or not. They do not ſit down to count the coſt; but the object being, as they think, deſirable, the means are totally diſregarded. If the French reformers had ſat down to count the coſt, I do not believe they were villains or ideots enough to have purſued their plan as they did. To ſave a tenth part of their income, they have given the whole, or rather it has been taken from them. To preſerve the life of a perſon now and then unjuſtly condemned, they have drenched the country with the blood of the innocent. Even the Baſtile, that terrible monument of tyranny, which has been painted in ſuch frightful colours, contained but *two* ſtate priſoners when it was forced by the mob; and the reformers to deliver theſe two priſoners, and to guard others from a like fate, have erected Baſtiles in every town, and in every ſtreet. Before the Revolution there were only *two* ſtate priſoners; there are now above *two hundred thouſand.* Do theſe people calculate? Certainly not. They will not take man as they find him, and govern him upon principles eſtabliſhed by experience; they will have him to be "a faultleſs monſter that the world ne'er ſaw," and wiſh to govern him according to a ſyſtem that never was, or can be, brought into practice.

Theſe waking dreams would be of no more conſequence than thoſe of the night, were they not generally purſued with an unjuſtifiable degree of obſtinacy and intrigue, and even villainy; and did they not, being always adapted to flatter and inflame the lower orders of the people, often baffle every effort of legal power. Thus it happened in England in the reign of Charles the firſt; and thus has it happened in France. Some trifling innovation always paves the way to the ſubverſion of a government.

The

The ax in the foreſt humbly beſought a little piece of wood to make it a handle: the foreſt conſiſting of ſo many ſtately trees, could not, without manifeſt cruelty, refuſe the "humble" requeſt; but, the handle once granted, the before-contemptible tool began to lay about it with ſo much violence, that in a little time not a tree nor even ſhrub was ſtanding. That a parliamentary reform was the handle by which the Engliſh revolutioniſts intended to effect the deſtruction of the conſtitution needs not be inſiſted on; at leaſt if we believe their own repeated declarations. Paine and ſome others clearly expreſſed themſelves on this head: the Doctor was more cautious while in England, but, ſafely arrived in his "aſylum," he has been a little more undiſguiſed. He ſays the troubles in Europe are the natural offſpring of the "*forms of government*" that exiſt there; and that the abuſes ſpring from the "*artificial diſtinction in ſociety.*"—I muſt ſtop here a moment to remark on the impudence of this aſſertion. Is it not notorious that *changing* thoſe forms of government, and *deſtroying* thoſe diſtinctions in ſociety, has introduced all the troubles in Europe? Had the form of government in France continued what it had been for twelve or thirteeen hundred years, would thoſe troubles ever have had an exiſtence? To hazard an aſſertion like this, a man muſt be an idiot, or he muſt think his readers ſo.—It was then the *form* of the Engliſh government, and thoſe artificial diſtinctions; that is to ſay, of king, prince, biſhop, &c. that he wanted to deſtroy, in order to produce that "*other ſyſtem of liberty,*" which he had been ſo long dreaming about. In his anſwer to the addreſs of "the republican natives of Great Britain "and Ireland, reſident at New-York," he ſays, "the "wiſdom and happineſs of republican governments, "and the evils reſulting from hereditary monarchical "ones, cannot appear in a ſtronger light to you than

" they do to me ;" and yet this ſame man pretended an inviolable attachment to the *hereditary monarchical government* of Great Britain! Says he, by way of vindicating the principles of his club to the people of Birmingham " the firſt toaſt that was " drunk, was, *the king and conſtitution*," What! does he make a merit in England of having *toaſted* that which he abominates in America? Alas! Philoſophers are but mere men!

It is clear that a parliamentary reform was not the object: an after game was intended, which the vigilance of government, and the natural good ſenſe of the people happily prevented; and the Doctor, diſappointed and chagrined, is come here to diſcharge his heart of the venom it has been long collecting againſt his country. He tells the democratic ſociety that he cannot promiſe to be a better ſubject of this government than he has been of that of Great Britain. Let us hope that he intends us an agreeable diſappointment, if not, the ſooner he emigrates back again the better.

Syſtem mongers are an unreaſonable ſpecies of mortals: time, place, climate, nature itſelf, muſt give away. They muſt have the ſame government in every quarter of the globe; when perhaps there are not two courtries which can poſſibly admit of the ſame form of government, at the ſame time. A thouſand hidden cauſes, a thouſand circumſtances and unforeſeen events, conſpire to the forming of a government. It is always done by little and little. When compleated, it preſents nothing like a *ſyſtem*; nothing like a thing compoſed, and written in a book. It is curious to hear people cite the American government as the ſummit of human perfection while they decry the Engliſh; when it is abſolutely nothing more than the government which the kings

of

of England eſtabliſhed here, with ſuch little modification as were neceſſary on account of the ſtate of ſociety and local circumſtances. If then the Doctor is come here for a change of government and laws, he is the moſt diſappointed of mortals. He will have the mortification to find in his "*aſylum*" the ſame laws as thoſe from which he has fled, the ſame upright manner of adminiſtering them, the ſame puniſhment of the oppreſſor, and the ſame protection of the oppreſſed. In the courts of juſtice he will every day ſee precedents quoted from the Engliſh law-books; and (which to him may appear wonderful) we may venture to predict, that it will be very long before they will be ſupplanted by the bloody records of the revolutionary tribunal. Let him compare the governments of theſe ſtates, and the meaſures they have purſued, with what has paſſed under the boaſted conſtitution that he wiſhed to introduce into England, and ſee if he can find one ſingle inſtance of the moſt diſtant reſemblance. In the abolition of negro ſlavery, for example, the governments of the United States have not ruſhed headlong into the mad plan of the National Convention. With much more humane views; with a much more ſincere deſire of ſeeing all mankind free and happy, they have, in ſpite of clubs and ſocieties, proceeded with caution and juſtice. In ſhort, they have adopted, as nearly as poſſible, conſidering circumſtances and ſituation, the ſame meaſures as have been taken by the government which he abhors. He will have the further mortification to find, that the government here is not, any more than in England, influenced by the vociferations of fiſh-women, or by the *toaſts* and *reſolutions* of popular ſocieties. He will, however, have one conſolation, here as well as there, he will find, that the truly great, virtuous, and incorruptible man at the head of government, is branded for an *Ariſtocrat* by thoſe noiſy gentry.

Happineſs being the end of all good government' that which produces the moſt is conſequently the beſt; and comparriſon being the only method of determining the relative value of things, it is eaſy to ſee which is preferable, the tyranny which the French formerly enjoyed, or the liberty and equality they at preſent labour under. If the Doctor had come about a year ſooner, he might have had the ſatisfaction of being not only an ear, but an eye-witneſs alſo, of ſome of the bleſſed effects of this celebrated revolution. He might then have been regaled with that ſight, ſo delectable to a modern philoſopher;—opulence reduced to miſery.

The ſtale pretence, that the league againſt the French has been the cauſe of their inhuman conduct to each other, cannot, by the moſt perverſe ſophiſtry, be applied to the Iſland of St. Domingo. That fine rich colony was ruined, its ſuperb capital and villas reduced to aſhes, one half of the inhabitants maſſacred, and the other half reduced to beggary, before an enemy ever appeared on the coaſt. No: it is that ſyſtem of anarchy and blood that was celebrated at Birmingham on the 14th of July, 1791, that has been the cauſe of all this murder and devaſtation.

Nor let the Doctor pretend that this could not be foreſeen. In was foreſeen, and foretold too, from the very moment a part of the Deputies to the States General were permitted to call themſelves a national aſſembly. In proof of this, I could mention a dozen publications that came out under his own eye; but I ſhall content myſelf with giving a ſhort extract from a ſpeech in the Britiſh parliament, which is the more proper on this occaſion, as it was delivered but a few weeks before the period of the riots. "The Americans," ſaid Mr. Burke, "have what

"was

"was eſſentially neceſſary for freedom; they have
"the phlegm of the good tempered Engliſhmen——
"they were fitted for Republicans by a republican
"education. Their revolution was not brought
"about by baſe and degenerate crimes; nor did
"they overturn a government for the purpoſes of
"anarchy; but they raiſed a republic, as nearly
"repreſenting the Britiſh government as it was
"poſſible. They did not run into the abſurdity of
"France, and, by ſeizing on the *rights of man*, de-
"clare that the nation was to govern the nation,
"and Prince Prettyman to govern Prince Pretty-
"man.* There are in Canada many of the ancient
"inhabitants; will it be proper to give them the
"French conſtitution? In my opinion there is not
"a ſingle circumſtance that recommends the adop-
"tion of any part of it, for the whole is abominably
"bad— the production of folly not wiſdom—of vice,
"not virtue; it contains nothing but extremes, as
"diſtant from each as the poles—the parts are in
"eternal oppoſition to each other—it is founded on
"what is called the *rights* of man, but, to my convic-
"tion, it is founded on the *wrongs* of man; and I now
"hold in my hand an example of its effects on the
"French colonies—Domingo, Guadaloupe, and the
"other French Iſlands, were rich, happy, and
"growing in ſtrength and conſequence, in ſpite of
"the three laſt diſtreſſing wars, before they heard
"of the new doctrine of the rights of man; but
"theſe rights were no ſooner arrived at the Iſlands,
"than any ſpectator would have imagined that
"Pandora's box had been opened, and that Hell

* If this gentleman could ſee *a rant* publiſhed a few days ago, by *my old friends*, the New York Democratic Society, he would find that we are improved; and that Prince Prettyman is to govern Prince Prettyman here as well as in France. "What" ſay they, "ſhall preſerve "public liberty, but the wiſdom of an enlightened people? In every "free ſtate the ſovereignty is veſted in the people, and every indivi- "dual is at once *a legiſlator* and a *ſovereign*."

"had

" had yawned out diſcord, murder, and every miſ-
" chief; for anarchy, confuſion and blood-ſhed raged
" every where; it was a general ſummons for

" Black ſpirits, and white,
" Blue ſpirits, and grey,
" Mingle, mingle, mingle,
" You that mingle may."

" When the aſſembly heard of theſe diſorders, they
" ordered troops to quell them; but it proves that
" the troops have joined the inſurgents, and mur-
" dered their commander. I look on the revolution
" with horror and deteſtation; it is a revolution of
" conſummate folly, formed and maintained by
" every vice."

But perhaps the Doctor's intenſe ſtudies, " his
" continual labours for the good of mankind,"
might not leave him time to peruſe the debates of
parliament; however, we may fairly preſume that
he read the letters addreſſed to himſelf; and if ſo,
he has read the following paſſage, " you think that
" a neighbouring nation is emancipated from tyran-
" ny, and that a company of Engliſhmen may lauda-
" bly expreſs their joy on the occaſion. Were your
" premiſes true, I would allow your concluſion.
" But let us wait the event. Philoſophers ſhould
" not be too credulous, or form their determinations
" too raſhly. It is very poſſible that all the magni-
" ficient ſchemes of your auguſt diet in France may
" be ſucceeded by a ridiculous, a villainous, or a
" bloody cataſtrophe."

Either he foreſaw the conſequences of the French
Revolution, or he did not foreſee them: if he did
not, he muſt confeſs that his penetration was far in-
ferior to that of his antagoniſts, and even to that of
the multitude of his countrymen; for they all fore-

ſaw

ſaw them. If he did foreſee them, he ought to bluſh at being called the "friend of human happineſs;" for, to foreſee ſuch dreadful calamities, and to form a deliberate plan for bringing them upon his country, he muſt have a diſpoſition truely diabolical. If he did not foreſee them, he muſt have an underſtanding little ſuperior to that of an idiot; if he did, he muſt have the heart of a *Mahrat*. Let him chooſe.

But it is pretty clear that he foreſaw the conſequences, or, at leaſt, that he approves of them; for, as I have obſerved above, he ſent his ſon into France, in the very midſt of the maſſacres, to requeſt the honour of becoming a French citizen; and in his anſwer to the addreſſers at New York, he takes good care to expreſs his diſaprobation of the war purſued by his country (which he calls an infatuation), becauſe its manifeſt tendency is to deſtroy that hydra, that ſyſtem of anarchy, which is the primary cauſe. Beſides, is not his emigration itſelf a convincing proof, that his opinion ſtill remains the ſame? If he found himſelf miſtaken, he would confeſs his error; at leaſt tacitly, by a change of conduct. Has he done this? No: the French revolution is his ſyſtem, and ſooner than not ſee it eſtabliſhed, I much queſtion if he would not with pleaſure ſee the maſſacre of all the human race.

Even ſuppoſe his intended plan of improvement had been the beſt in the world inſtead of the worſt: the people of England had certainly a right to reject it. He claims, as an indubitable right, the right of thinking for *others*, and yet he will not permit the people of England to think for *themſelves*. Paine ſays, "what a whole nation *wills*, it has a right *to do*." Conſequently, what a whole nation does *not will*, it has a right *not to do*. Rouſſeau ſays: "the majority of a people has a right to *force* the reſt to be

be *free;*" but even the "inſane Socrates of the national aſſembly" has never, in all his abſurd reveries, had the folly to pretend, that a club of diſſenting malcontents has a right to *force* a whole nation to be *free.* If the Engliſh choſe to remain ſlaves, bigots, and idolators, as the Doctor calls them, that was no buſineſs of his: he had nothing to do with them. He ſhould have let them alone; and perhaps in due time, the abuſes of their government would have come to that "*natural termination,*" which he truſts "will guard againſt future abuſes." But, no, ſaid the Doctor, I will reform you,—I will enlighten you,—I will make you free. You ſhall not! ſay the people. But I will! ſays the Doctor. By ——, ſay the people, you ſhall not! "*And when* "Ahithophel *ſaw that his counſel was not followed,* "*he ſaddled his aſs, and aroſe, and gat him home* "*to his houſe, to his city, and put his houſehold in* "*order, and hanged himſelf, and died, and was* "*buried in the ſepulchre of his father.*"

I now beg the reader's company in a ſlight review of the addreſſes delivered to the Doctor by the ſeveral patriotic ſocieties at New York.*

It is no more than juſtice to ſay of theſe addreſſes, in the lump, that they are diſtinguiſhed for a certain barrenneſs of thought and vulgarity of ſtyle, which, were we not in poſſeſſion of the Doctor's anſwers, might be thought inimitable. If the parties

* I. An addreſs from "*the Democratic Society,*"
II. From the "*Tammany Society.*"
III. From the "*Aſſociated Teachers.*"
IV. From the "*Republican Natives of Great Britain and Ire-*"*land.*"

Theſe addreſſes, with the anſwers to them, having all appeared in the Gazettes, it will be uſeleſs to give them at length here.

were

were leſs known, one might be tempted to think that the addreſſers were dull by concert; and that, by way of retaliation, the Doctor was reſolved to be as dull as they. At leaſt, if this was their deſign, nobody will deny but they have ſucceeded to admiration.

" The governments of the old world," ſay the Democratic Society, " are moſt of them now baſe-
" ly combined to prevent the eſtabliſhment of liberty
" in France, and to effect the total deſtruction of
" the rights of man."

What! The Rights of Man yet! I thought that *Liberty and Equality, the Rights of Man*, and all that kind of political cant, had long been diſcovered for the greateſt Bore in nature. Are there people in this country, and people who pretend to poſſeſs a ſuperior degree of ſagacity too, who are dolts enough to talk about *French Liberty*, after what paſſes under their eyes every day? Is not every Frenchman in the United States obliged to go to a juſtice of the peace, every two or three months, to have a certificate of reſidence? And muſt he not have this certificate ſworn to and ſigned by four inhabitants beſides the magiſtrate? And muſt he not pay for this too? And if he fails in any part of this ſlaviſh ceremony, or goes into Canada or Florida, is he not marked out for the Guilliotine? An Engliſhman may come when he will, ſtay as long as he pleaſes, go where he will, and return when he will to his own country, without finding any law of proſcription, or confiſcation, iſſued againſt him or his property. Which has moſt liberty?

I thought no one would dun our ears with *French liberty*, after the decree which obliges every merchant, under pain of the Guilliotine, to make a declaration

declaration of all his property in foreign countries, and to give up his right and title of ſuch property to the convention; and not only to make a declaration of his own, but of his neighbour's property alſo, under the ſame penalty! It has long been cuſtomary to expreſs a deteſtation of the tyranny and cruelty of the inquiſition: but the inquiſition, in the height of its ſeverity, was never half ſo tyrannical as this decree. This is the boaſted "gallic liberty!" Let us hear their own definition of this liberty. "Liberty," ſays Barrere, in his report to the National Convention, on the 3d of January, 1794, "Li-"berty, my dear fellow citizens, is a privileged "and general creditor; not only has ſhe a right to "our *property* and *perſons*, but to our *talents* and "*courage*, and even to our *thoughts!*" Oh Liberty! what a metamorphoſis haſt thou undergone in the hands of theſe political jugglers!

If this be liberty, may God in his mercy continue me the moſt abject ſlave. If this be liberty, who will ſay that the Engliſh did not do well in rejecting the Doctor's plan for making them free? The Democrats of New York, accuſe the allies of being combined to prevent the eſtabliſhment of liberty in France, and to deſtroy the rights of man; when it is notorious that the French themſelves have baniſhed the very idea of the thing from amongſt them; that is to ſay, if they ever had an idea of it. Nay, the author of the *rights of man*, and the authoreſs of the *rights of women*, are at this moment ſtarving in a dirty dungeon, not a hundred paces from the *ſanctum ſanctorum* of liberty and equality; and the poor unfortunate Goddeſs* herſelf is guilliotined! So much for liberty and the rights of man.

* Madame Hebert, who has had the honour of repreſenting this Deity, and who received, for a conſiderable time, the adorations and incenſe of the devout Pariſians, was guilliotined not long ago. It is impoſſible to ſay for what ſhe was executed, as the court by which ſhe was tried do not waſte their precious time in committing their proceedings to writing.

The

The Tammany ſociety comes forward in boaſting of their " *venerable anceſtors*," and, ſays the Doctor in his anſwer, " Happy would *our* venerable " anceſtors have been to have found, &c." What! were they the Doctor's anceſtors too? I ſuppoſe he means in a figurative ſenſe. But certainly, gentlemen, you made a *faux pas* in talking about your anceſtors at all. It is always a tender ſubject, and ought to be particularly avoided by a body of men " who diſdain the ſhackles of tradition." You ſay that, in the United States, " there exiſts a ſentiment " of free and candid enquiry, which diſdains the " ſhackles of tradition, preparing a rich harveſt of " improvement, and the glorions triumph of truth." Knowing the religious, or rather irreligious, principles of the perſon to whom this ſentence was addreſſed, it is eaſy to divine its meaning. But without flattery, your zeal ſurpaſſes that of the Doctor himſelf: he diſdains *revelation only*; the authority of Moſes, David, and a parcel of folks that nobody knows; but you diſdain what your fathers have told you: which is the more ſurpriſing, as, at the ſame time, you boaſt of your " *venerable anceſtors*." People ſhould always endeavour to be conſiſtent, at leaſt *when intereſt does not interfere*. However, ſuppoſe the ſhackles of revelation and tradition both completely ſhaken off, and the infidel Unitarian ſyſtem eſtabliſhed in their ſtead; what good would the country derive from it? This is certainly worth enquiry; becauſe a thing that will do no good, can be good for nothing. The people of theſe ſtates are, in general, induſtrious, ſober, honeſt, humane, charitable and ſincere; the dutiful children and tender parents. This is the character of the people, and who will pretend to ſay that the goſpel, the belief of which has chiefly contributed to their acquiring of this amiable character, ought to be exchanged for the atheiſtical or deiſtical doctrines of

Monvel*

Monvel* or a Prieſtley? For my part I can ſee nothing to induce us to try the experiment; no, not even "the rich harveſt of improvement, and the "glorious triumph of truth," that you ſay it promiſes. We know *the truth* already; we want no improvement in religious knowledge; all we want is to practice better what we know; and it is not likely that our practice would be improved by diſdaining the theory.

You allow that a public and ſincere ſpirit of toleration exiſts amongſt us. What more is wanted? If you were to effect a general diſdain of the ſhackles of tradition, perhaps the "rich harveſt" would be a corruption of manners, diſcord, perſecution, and blood. The ſame cauſes generally produce the ſame effects: to ſee, and be terrified at thoſe effects, we have only to turn our eyes to that diſtracted country, where it muſt be allowed, even by yourſelves, the ſhackles of tradition are ſufficiently diſdained.

Doctor Prieſtley profeſſes to wiſh for nothing but toleration; liberty of conſcience. But let us contraſt theſe moderate and diſintereſted profeſſions with what he has advanced in ſome of his lateſt publications. I have already taken notice of the aſſertion in his letters to the ſtudents of Hackney;

* Upon the article of religion *Monvel* ſays, "the world has ſeen "three infamous impoſtors, Moſes, Mahomet, and Jeſus Chriſt; "men have ever been divided into two claſſes, the deceivers and "the deceived; they have always had falſe fears and vain hopes. "Theſe have introduced religions, that is to ſay, cheats and dupes; "and, in ſhort, the ſoul of a man and that of a dog are juſt as pre"cious and as immortal the one as the other."

This *Monvel* was a player, and was choſen by the National Convention of France as a Prieſt of Atheiſm. The above ſentiments, making part of a diſcourſe delivered by him in the church of St. Roch in Paris, were tranſlated from the *Journal Republican de Paris*.

"that

" that the eſtabliſhed church *muſt fall.*" In his addreſs to the Jews (whom, by the bye, he ſeems to wiſh to form a coalition with) he ſays; " all the perſecutions of the Jews have ariſen from *trinitarian*, that is to ſay, *Idolatrous Chriſtians.*" Idolatrous Chriſtians! It is the firſt time, I believe, theſe two words were ever joined together. Is this the language of a man who wanted only toleration, in a country where the eſtabliſhed church, and the moſt part of the diſſenters alſo, are profeſſedly *trinitarians?* He will undoubtedly ſay that the people of this country are *idolators* too, for there is not one out of a hundred, at moſt, who does not firmly believe in the doctrine of the Trinity.

Such a man complains of perſecution with a very ill grace. But ſuppoſe he had been perſecuted for a mere matter of opinion; it would be only receiving the meaſure he has meted to others. Has he not approved of the unmerciful perſecution of the unfortunate and worthy part of the French clergy; men as far ſurpaſſing him in piety and utility as in ſuffering? They did not want to coin a new religion; they wanted only to be permitted to enjoy, without interruption, the one they had been educated in, and that they had ſworn, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to continue in to the end of their lives. The Doctor ſays in his addreſs to the Methodiſts; " you will " judge whether I have not reaſon and ſcripture " on my ſide. You will at leaſt be convinced that " *I have ſo perſuaded myſelf*; and you cannot but " reſpect a real lover of truth, and *a deſire to bring* " *others into it*, even in the man who is unfortu- " nately in an error." Does not this man bluſh at approving of the baſe, cowardly, and bloody perſecutions that have been carried on againſt a ſet of men, who erred, if they did err at all, from an exceſs of conſcioufneſs? *He* talks of perſecution, and puts on the mockery of woe: their's has been

perſecution indeed. Robbed, dragged from their homes, or obliged to hide from the ſight of man, in continual expectation of the aſſaſſin's ſtab; ſome tranſported, like common felons, for ever; and a much greater number butchered by thoſe to whoſe happineſs their lives had been devoted, and in that country that they loved too well to diſgrace by their apoſtacy! How gladly would one of thoſe unfortunate conſcientious men have eſcaped to America, leaving fortune, friends, and all behind him! And how different has been the fate of Doctor Prieſtley! Ah, Gentlemen! do not let us be deceived by falſe pretenders: the manner of his emigration is, of itſelf, a ſufficient proof that the ſtep was not neceſſary to the enjoyment of "protection from violence."

You ſay, he has "long *diſintereſtedly* laboured "for his country." 'Tis true he ſays ſo; but we muſt not believe him more diſintereſted than other reformers. If toleration had been all he wanted; if he had contented himſelf with the permiſſion of ſpreading his doctrines, he would have found this in England, or in almoſt any other country, as well as here. The man that wants only to avoid perſecution, does not make a noiſy and faſtidious diſplay of his principles, or attack, with unbridled indecency, the religion of the country in which he lives. He who avoids perſecution is ſeldom perſecuted.

"The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
"Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
"To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
"Leave reaſon, faith and conſcience all our own."

But the Doctor did not want to be remote from power or *profit* either; for, in his ſermon on the teſt laws, he propoſes "to ſet apart one church "for the diſſenters in every conſiderable town, and

a cer-

"a certain allotment of *tithes* for their miniſters "proportioned to the number of diſſenters in the "diſtrict." A very modeſt and diſintereſted requeſt, truly! Was this man ſeeking peace and toleration *only?* He thinks theſe facts are unknown in America. After all his clamour againſt tithes, and his rejoicing on account of their abolition in France, he had no objection to their continuing in England, provided he came in for a ſhare. Aſtoniſhing diſintereſtedneſs!

In this country there is nothing to fear from the Doctor's diſintereſtedneſs; becauſe, there being no public revenue annexed to any worſhip whatever, there is nothing to wrangle for; but from the diſſeminating of his deiſtical doctrine there is much to fear. A celebrated deiſt in England ſays, that there can be no ſuch thing as an atheiſt; that it is impoſſible: for, ſays he, "every one muſt neceſſa-"rily believe that ſome cauſe or other produced the "Univerſe: he may call that cauſe what he pleaſes; "*God, nature,* or even *chance;* ſtill he believes in "the efficacy of that cauſe, and therefore is no "atheiſt." And, indeed, we ſhall find that deiſm is but another name for atheiſm, whether we conſider it in theory or in practice. That we ſhould not be bettered by the introduction of deiſm or atheiſm, I think is a clear caſe. "The fear of the "Lord is the beginning of wiſdom," While this fear exiſted in France there was ſome kind of manners, ſome kind of juſtice left; but ever ſince the deluded people have been taught that Jeſus Chriſt was an infamous impoſtor; and the worſhip of him has been forbidden as "idolatrous," the whole infernal legion ſeems to be let looſe amongſt them; and the nation appears marked out for a dreadful example to mankind. Indeed ſome ſuch example

was neceſſary to cure the world of the infidel philoſophy of Voltaire, Rouſſeau, Gibbon, Prieſtly, and the reſt of that enlightened tribe.

We are continually exclaiming againſt prejudice, without attending to its effect on ourſelves. I am afraid prejudice in favor of the French Revolution has led Americans to approve many things, which, a few years ago, they would have viewed with the utmoſt abhorrence; and that they would even now view with abhorrence, in any other nation. And here I cannot help taking notice of an article that appeared not many days ago in one of our public papers. The writer is giving a liſt of eminent perſons who have "ariſen on the democratic floor," which he concludes with *Mahrat*, *St. Paul*, and *Jeſus Chriſt*. Is it not a moſt horrid blaſphemy to put the Son of God, the prince of peace, on a footing with the bloody author of the maſſacres at Paris and Verſailles? I hope and believe, that ſuch Blaſphemers are rare in the United States; and the only way to keep them ſo, is for the people to reject unanimouſly every attempt to debaſe chriſtianity, in whatever ſhape, and under whatever diſguiſe it may appear.

In the addreſs of "the republican natives of Great "Britain and Ireland, reſident at New York," we find a very extraordinary paſſage indeed. But, before we ſay any thing about this addreſs, it will not be amiſs to ſay a word or two about the addreſſers. I believe one might venture to ſay, that there are but very few natives of Ireland among them; becauſe the emigrants from that country, being generally engaged in agricultural purſuits from their firſt arrival here, have not the time to form themſelves into political ſocieties · and the words "Great Britain"

Britain" might probably have been ſupplied by *one word*. However, as the gentlemen have not thought this word worthy of a place in their addreſs, I can by no means think of introducing it here. But let us ſee what they ſay of themſelves: "After a *fruit-* "*leſs oppoſition* to a corrupt and tyrannical govern- "ment, *many of us like you*, ſought freedom and "protection in the United States of America. We "look back on our native country with *pity* and *in-* "*dignation*, at the outrages that humanity has ſuſ- "tained in the perſons of the virtuous *Muir* and his "patriotic aſſociates," We may then fairly ſuppoſe, that theſe "republican natives of Great Britain and "Ireland" can be no other than the members of that renowned convention of which the "*virtuous* Muir," who is now fortunately on his paſſage to Botany Bay, was preſident.

The paſſage of their addreſs, alluded to above, is as follows; "Participating in the many bleſſings, "which the government is calculated to inſure, we "are happy in giving it this proof of our reſpectful "attachment. We are only *grieved*, that a ſyſtem "of ſuch beauty and excellence ſhould be at all "*tarniſhed* by the exiſtence of *ſlavery in any form*; "but, as friends to the equal rights of man, we muſt "be permitted to ſay, that we wiſh theſe rights "extended to every human being, *be is complexion* "*what it may*. We however look forward with "pleaſing anticipation to *a yet more perfect ſtate of* "*ſociety*; and, from that love of liberty which forms "ſo diſtinguiſhed a trait in the American character, "are taught to hope that this *laſt, this worſt diſgrace* "*to a free government*, will finally and for ever be "done away," So! Theſe gentlemen are hardly landed in the United States before they begin to cavil againſt the government, and to pant after a

more perfect ſtate of ſociety! If they have already diſcovered that the ſyſtem is *tarniſhed* by *the very laſt and worſt diſgrace of a free government*, what may we not reaſonably expect from their future reſearches? If they, with their virtuous Preſident, had been landed in the ſouthern ſtates, they might have lent a hand to finiſh the great work, ſo happily begun by citizens Santhonax and Polverel. They have caught the *itch* of addreſſing, petitioning, and remonſtrating in their own country; let them ſcratch themſelves into a cure; but let them not attempt ſpreading their diſorder. They ought to remember, that they are come here "to ſeek freedom and pro-"tection" *for themſelves*, and not *for others*. When the people of theſe ſtates are ready for a total abolition of negro ſlavery, they will make a ſhift to ſee the propriety of adopting the meaſure without the aſſiſtance of theſe northern lights. In the mean time, as the convention cannot here enter on their legiſlative functions, they may amuſe themſelves with a fable written for their particular uſe.

The Pot-Shop. A Fable.

In a pot ſhop, well ſtocked with ware of all ſorts, a diſcontented ill formed pitcher unluckily bore the ſway. One day, after the mortifying neglect of ſeveral cuſtomers, "gentlemen," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to his brown brethren in general, "gentle-"men, with your permiſſion, we are a ſet of tame "fools, without ambition, without courage: con-"demned to the vileſt uſes, we ſuffer all without "murmuring. Let us dare to declare ourſelves, and "we ſhall ſoon ſee the difference. That ſuperb "ewer, which, like us, is but earth; thoſe gilded "jars, vaſes, china, and in ſhort all thoſe elegant nonſenſes,

" nonſenſes, whoſe colours and beauty have neither " weight nor ſolidity, muſt yield to our ſtrength, and " give place to our ſuperior merit."

This civic harangue was received with peals of applauſe, and the pitcher (choſen preſident) became the organ of the aſſembly. Some, however, more moderate than the reſt, attempted to calm the minds of the multitude. But all thoſe which are called jordans or chamber pots, were become intractable. Eager to vie with the bowls and cups, they were impatient, almoſt to madneſs, to quit their obſcure abodes, to ſhine upon the table, kiſs the lip, and ornament the cup-board.

In vain did a wiſe water jug (ſome ſay it was a platter) make them a long and ſerious diſcourſe upon the peacefulneſs of their " vocation. Thoſe," ſays he, " who are deſtined to great employments " are rarely the moſt happy. We are all of the " ſame clay, tis true; but he who made us, formed " us for different functions. One is for ornament, " another for uſe. The poſts the leaſt important are " often the moſt neceſſary. Our employments are " extremely different, and ſo are our talents."

This had a wonderful effect; the moſt ſtupid began to open their ears: perhaps it would have ſucceeded, if a greaſe pot had not cried out with a deciſive tone: " You reaſon like an aſs; to the devil " with you and your ſilly leſſons."

Now the ſcale was turned again: all the hord of jordans, pans and pitchers, applauded the ſuperior eloquence and reaſoning of the greaſe pot. In ſhort, they determined on the enterprize; but a diſpute aroſe who ſhould be chief: all would com-

mand and none obey. It was then you might have heard a clutter: pots, pans,and pitchers, mugs, jugs and jordans, all put themſelves in motion at once; and ſo wiſely, and with ſo much vigor, were their operations conducted, that the whole was ſoon changed—not into china, but *rubbiſh*.

Let us leave the application of this fable to thoſe for whom it is intended, and come to the addreſs of "the aſſociated Teachers in the city of New-York."

From the profeſſion of theſe gentlemen, one would have wiſhed not to find them among the Doctor's addreſſers; and it will be for thoſe who employ the "aſſociated Teachers" to judge,how far their approbation and praiſe of the writings of ſuch a man, is a proof of their being calculated for "the arduous and *important* taſk of cultivating the human mind," * They very civilly invite the Doctor to aſſiſt them to "*form the man;*"—and, in his anſwer, he ſeems to hint that he may poſſibly accept the invitation. All I can ſay on this matter, is, if he ſhould embrace this profeſſion, I hope he will be exactly as ſucceſsful in forming the man, as he has been in reforming him.

* I have been informed, that theſe *aſſociated* brethren of the birch complain of my attacking them in the dark; but let them lay their hands to their hearts, and ſay, if they can, that I fight more unfair than they do, when they diſcharge their ill-humour on a poor little trembling wretch, whoſe pitiful look would ſoften the heart of a tiger. However, I ceaſe the inglorious combat: I confeſs it is not fair to attack them with a pen. They know how to write with a rod only; and I dare ſay their anſwer to my obſervations on their addreſs is ſtill legible on the back-ſides of their unfortunate pupils.

In

In the anſwer to the "aſſociated Teachers," the Doctor obſerves, that, *claſſes* of men, as well "as "*individuals*, are apt to form *too high* ideas of their "*own importance*." Never was a juſter obſervation than this, and never was this obſervation more fully verified than in the parties themſelves. The Doctor's ſelf importance is ſufficiently depicted in the quotation that I have given from his letter to the people of Birmingham; and as for the "aſſociated Teachers," how familiarly ſoever they may talk of "the intriguing politics and vitiating refinements of "the European World," I muſt ſay, I think, they know but little of what paſſes in that world; or they never would have larded with ſuch extravagant eulogiums, productions, which, in general, have been long exploded.

With reſpect to the Doctor's metaphyſical reveries, or, in other words, his ſyſtem of infidelity, I ſhall leave to himſelf the taſk of expoſing that to the deteſtation of Americans, as it has long been to that of the Engliſh. * Of his ſcientific productions, I propoſe, in a little time, to give the public a ſhort review;† mean while I refer the curious reader to the publications of the royal ſociety, of 1791 and 1792, and to Doctor Bewley's treatiſe on air. He will there ſee his ſyſtem of chemiſtry and natural philoſophy detected, expoſed and defeated; and the "celebrated philoſopher" himſelf accuſed and convicted of plagiariſm.§ He will there find the key to the following ſentence: "The *patronage* "to be met with, in monarchical governments, is

* He has made a pretty good beginning already, as we ſhall ſee by and by.

† The Doctor has ſaved me the trouble of doing this.

§ Have a little patience, reader, and you ſhall be ſatisfied of this.

"ever

" ever *capricious*, and as often employed to bear " down merit as to promote it, having for its object, " not ſcience, or any thing uſeful to mankind, but " the mere reputation of the patron, *who is ſeldom* " *any judge of ſcience.*"‡ This is the language of every ſoured neglected author, from a ſorry ballad monger to a doctor with half a dozen initials at the end of his name.

As to his talents as a writer, we have only to open our eyes to be convinced they are far below mediocrity. His ſtyle is uncouth and ſuperlatively diffuſe. Always involved in *minutiæ*, every ſentence is a ſtring of parentheſiſes, in finding the end of which, the reader is lucky if he does not loſe the propoſition they were meant to illuſtrate. In ſhort, the whole of his phraſeology is extremely diſguſting; to which may be added, that, even in point of grammar, he is very often incorrect.

As a proof of what I have here aſſerted, I could give a thouſand ſentences from his writings; but I chooſe one or two from his anſwers to the addreſſers, as theſe pieces are in every body's hands; and, not to criticiſe unfairly, I ſhall take the firſt ſentence I come at It runs thus:

" Viewing with the deepeſt concern, as you do, " the proſpect that is now exhibited in Europe, " thoſe troubles which are the natural offspring of " their forms of government, originating indeed in " the ſpirit of liberty, but gradually degenerating " into tyrannies, equally degrading to the rulers " and the ruled, I rejoice in finding an aſylum

‡ This was addreſſed to the Philoſophical ſociety at Philadelphia. We ſhall ſee all this unravelled by and by.

" from

" from perſecution in a country in which thoſe " abuſes have come to a natural termination, and " produced another ſyſtem of liberty, founded on " ſuch wiſe principles, as, I truſt, will guard againſt " all future abuſes; thoſe artificial diſtinctions in " ſociety, from which they ſprung, being completely " eradicated, that protection from violence, which " laws and government promiſe in all countries, " but which I have not found in my own, I doubt " not I ſhall find with you, though I cannot pro- " miſe to be a better ſubject of this government, " than my whole conduct will evince that I have " been to that of Great Britain."

This is neither the *ſtyle periodique*, nor the *ſtyle coupé*; it is, I preſume, the *ſtyle entortillé*: for one would certainly think that the author had racked his imagination to render what he had to ſay unintelligible. This ſentence of monſtrous length is cut aſunder in the middle by a ſemicolon, which, except that it ſerves the weary reader by way of half way houſe, might be placed in any other part of the ſentence to, at leaſt, equal advantage. In fact, this is not a ſentence; it is a rigmarole ramble, that has neither beginning nor ending, and conveys to us no idea of any thing but the author's incapacity.

" Viewing with the deepeſt concern as you do, " the proſpect that is now exhibited in Europe, " thoſe *troubles* which are the natural offspring of " THEIR forms of government." What in the name of goodneſs, does this mean?—*Troubles* is the only antecedent that can be found to *their*, and the neceſſary concluſion is, *troubles have their forms of government.*

The

The Doctor ſays, in his anſwer to the Tammany ſociety: "Happy would our venerable anceſtors, as "you juſtly call them, *have been*, to *have found* "America ſuch a retreat to them." It may perhaps be uſeful to the learned Doctor to know, that he ought to have ſaid "Happily would our venerable "anceſtors, as you juſtly call them, have been, *to* "*find* America, &c."

I grant that there is great reaſon to believe, that the Doctor was reſolved to be as dull as his addreſſers; but I aſſert, that it is impoſſible for a perſon accuſtomed to commit his thoughts to paper with the ſmalleſt degree of taſte or correctneſs, to fall into ſuch groſs ſoleciſms, or to tack phraſes together in ſuch an awkward home-ſpun manner. In ſhort, he cannot be fit for even the poſt of *caſtigator*; and therefore it is to be hoped that the "aſſociated Teachers" will not leſſen their "importance" by admitting him amongſt them; that is to ſay, except it be as a pupil.

There are many things that aſtoniſh us in the addreſſes, amongſt which the *compaſſion* that the addreſſers expreſs for that "*infatuated*" and "*devoted* "*country*," Great Britain, certainly is not the leaſt.

The Democratic ſociety, with a hatred againſt tyranny, that would have become the worthy nephew of Damien,* or the great Mahrat himſelf, ſay, "The multiplied oppreſſions which characteriſe that "government, excite in us the moſt painful ſenſa-"tions, and exhibit a ſpectacle as diſguſting in itſelf "as diſhonorable to the Britiſh name."

* Robeſpierre.

And

And what a tender affectionate concern do the ſons of Tammany expreſs for the poor, diſtreſſed, unfortunate country of their "venerable anceſtors." "A country," ſay they, "although now preſenting "a proſpect frightful to the eye of humanity, yet "*once* the nurſe of ſciences, of arts, of heroes, and "of freemen; a country which, although at preſent "apparently *devoted to deſtruction*, we *fondly* hope "may yet *tread back the ſteps of infamy and ruin*, "and *once more riſe conſpicuous among the free* "*nations* of the earth."

But of all the addreſſers, none ſeem ſo zealous on this ſubject as "the republican natives of Great Britain and Ireland." "While," ſay they, "we "look back on our native country with emotions of "pity and indignation, at the outrages human nature "has ſuſtained, in the perſons of the virtuous *Muir* "and his patriotic aſſociates; and deeply lament "the fatal apathy into which our *countrymen* have "fallen; we deſire to be thankful to the great "author of our being that we are in America, and "that it has pleaſed him, in his wiſe providence, to "make theſe United States an aſylum, not only "from the immediate tyranny of the Britiſh govern-"ment, but alſo from thoſe impending calamities, "which its increaſing deſpotiſm, and multiplied ini-"quities, muſt infallibly bring down on a deluded "and oppreſſed people." What an enthuſiaſtic warmth is here! No ſolemn-league-and-covenant prayer, embelliſhed with the naſal ſweetneſs of the conventicle, was ever more affecting.

To all this the Doctor very piteouſly echoes back "ſigh for ſigh, and groan for groan; and when the "fountain of their eyes is dry, his ſupplies the place, "and weeps for both."

There

There is ſomething ſo pathetic, ſo irreſiſtibly moving in all this, that a man muſt have a hard heart indeed to read it, and not burſt into laughter.

In ſpeaking of Monarchies, it has often been lamented that the ſovereign ſeldom, or never, hears the truth; and much afraid I am, that this is equally applicable to democracies. What court ſycophants are to a prince, demagogues are to a people; and the latter kind of paraſites is by no means leſs dangerous than the former; perhaps more ſo, as being more ambitious, and more numerous. God knows, there were too many of this deſcription in America before the arrival of Doctor Prieſtley: I can therefore ſee no reaſon for boaſtings and addreſſings on account of the acquiſition.

Every one muſt obſerve how the Doctor has fallen at once into the track of thoſe who were already in poſſeſſion of the honourable poſt. Finding a popular prejudice prevailing againſt his country, and not poſſeſſing that *patriæ caritas*, which is the characteriſtic of his countrymen, he has not been aſhamed to attempt making his court by flattering that prejudice. I grant that a prejudice againſt this nation is not only excuſable, but almoſt commendable in *Americans*; but the misfortune is, it expoſes them to deception, and makes them the ſport of every intriguing adventurer. Suppoſe it be the intereſt of Americans that Great Britain ſhould be ruined, and even annihilated, in the preſent conteſt; it can never be their intereſt to believe that this deſirable object is already nearly or quite accompliſhed, at a time when ſhe is become more formidable than ever, in every quarter of the globe. And with reſpect to the internal ſituation of that country, we ought not to ſuffer ourſelves to be deceived by

" gleanings

" gleanings from morning chronicles, or Dublin " gazettes:" for, if we inſiſt that newſpaper report is the criterion by which we ought to judge of the governments, and the ſtate of other countries, we muſt allow the ſame meaſure to foreigners with reſpect to our own country; and then what muſt the people of England think of the government of the United States, upon reading a page or two from the ſlovenly pen of *Agricola*.

" It is charitable," ſays this democrat, " It is " charitable to believe many, who ſigned the con- " ſtitution, never dreamed of the meaſures taking " place, which, alas! we now experience. By this " double government, we are involved in unneceſ- " ſary burdens which *neither we nor our fathers* " ever knew. Such a *monſter of a government* " has ſeldom ever been known on earth. We are " obliged to maintain two governments, with their " full number of officers, from head to foot. Some " of them receive ſuch wages as never were heard " of before in any government upon earth; and all " this beſtowed on *Ariſtocrats* for doing next to no- " thing. A bleſſed revolution! a bleſſed revolution " indeed! but farmers, mechanics, and labourers " have no ſhare in it; we are the aſſes who muſt " have the honour of paying them all, without any " adequate ſervice. Now let the impartial judge " whether our government, taken collectively, an- " ſwers the great end of *protecting our perſons and* " *property!* Or whether it is not rather calculated " to drain us of our money, and give it to men who " have not rendered adequate ſervice for it. Had " an inſpired prophet told us the things which our " eyes ſee, in the beginning of the revolution, he " might have met Jeremiah's fate: or if we had " believed him, *not one in a thouſand would have*

" *reſiſted*

" *reſiſted Great Britain.* Indeed, my countrymen,
" we are ſo loaded by our new governments, that
" we can have little heart to attempt to move under
" all our burdens; we have this conſolation, when
" things come to the worſt, there muſt be a change,
" and *we may reſt ſatisfied, that either the federal*
" *or ſtate governments muſt fall.*"

If " gleanings" like theſe were publiſhed in England, would not the people naturally exclaim, What! the boaſted government of America come to this already? The poor Americans are dreadfully tyrannized by the Ariſtocrats! There will certainly be a *revolution* in America ſoon! They would be juſt as much miſtaken as the people in this country are, when they talk of a revolution in England.

Neither ought we to look upon the emigration of perſons from England to this country as a proof of their being perſecuted, and of the tyranny of the Engliſh government. It is paying America a very poor compliment, to ſuppoſe that nothing ſhort of perſecution could bring ſettlers to its ſhores. This is, beſides, the moſt unfortunate proof that could poſſibly be produced by the advocates of the French Revolution: for if the emigration to this country be a proof of a tyranny exiſting in that from which he comes, how ſuperlatively tyrannical muſt the government of France be? But they ſay, thoſe who emigrate from France are Ariſtocrats: they are not perſecuted; they emigrate becauſe they *hate a free country.* What! do they really come to *America* becauſe they *hate a free country?* Did the governors of Martinico, &c. make a capitulation to be ſent here, *to avoid going to a free country?* The Democratic ſociety will certainly oblige the world very much in explaining this enigma.

I am

I am one of thoſe who wiſh to believe that foreigners come to this country from choice, and not from neceſſity. America opens a wide field for enterprize; wages for all mechanics are better, and the means of ſubſiſtence proportionably cheaper than in Europe. This is what brings foreigners amongſt us: they become citizens of America for the honeſt purpoſes of commerce, of turning their induſtry and talents to the beſt account, and of bettering their fortunes. By their exertions to enrich themſelves, they enrich the ſtate, lower the wages, and render the country leſs dependent upon others. The moſt numerous as well as the moſt uſeful are mechanics; perhaps a cobler, with his hammer and awls, is a more valuable acquiſition than a dozen philoſophi-theologi-polititcal empiricks, with all their boaſted apparatus.

Of all the Engliſh arrived in theſe States (ſince the war) no one was ever calculated to render them leſs ſervice than Doctor Prieſtley; and what is more, perhaps no one (before or ſince, or even in the war) ever intended to render them leſs: his preference to the American government is all affectation: his emigration was not voluntary: he ſtaid in England till he ſaw no hopes of recovering a loſt reputation; and then, burſting with envy and reſentment, he fled into what the Tammany ſociety very juſtly call "baniſhment," covered with the univerſal deteſtation of his countrymen

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Here ended the pamplet in its original form, concluding with ſome of thoſe aſſertions which were ſaid to be the moſt "hazarded," and for the truth of which I am ſorry I have no better voucher than the Doctor himſelf.

In the preface to his farewel ſermon, preached to his diſciples at Hackney, he ſays: " I hope my " friends, and the public, will indulge me while I " give the reaſons of its being the laſt, in conſe- " quence of my having at length, after much he- " ſitation, and *now with reluctance*, come to a re- " ſolution to leave the kingdom." —— " I can- " not refrain from repeating, that I leave my coun- " try with *real regret*."

Was it a " hazarded aſſertion " then, to ſay that his preference to the American government was all affectation, and that his emigration was not voluntary?

" My friends," ſays he " earneſtly adviſed me to " diſguiſe myſelf as I was going to London. But " all that was done in that way was taking a place " for me in the mail coach, which I entered, at " Worceſter, in another name than my own. How- " ever, the friend who had the courage to receive " me in London, had thought it neceſſary to pro- " vide a dreſs that ſhould diſguiſe me, and alſo a " method of making my eſcape, in caſe the houſe " ſhould have been attacked on my account; and " for ſome time my friends would not ſuffer me to " appear in the ſtreets." —— " The managers of " one of the principle charities among the diſſen- " ters applied to me to preach their annual ſermon, " and I conſented. But the treaſurer, a man of " fortune, was ſo alarmed at it, that he declared " he could not ſleep. I therefore, to his great relief, " declined preaching at all." —— " When the " Hackney aſſociation was formed, ſeveral ſervants " in the neighbourhood actually removed their " goods; and when there was ſome political meet- " ing at the houſe of Mr. Breillat, though about " two miles from my houſe, a woman, whoſe

" daughter

" daughter was ſervant in the houſe contiguous to " mine, came to her miſtreſs, to entreat that ſhe " might be out of the way." — " On ſeveral oc- " caſions the neighbourhood has been greatly alarm- " ed on account of my being ſo near them. I " could name a perſon, and to appearance a repu- " table tradeſman, who declared that, in caſe of " any diſturbance, they would immediately come to " Hackney, evidently for the purpoſe of miſchief. " In this ſtate of things, it is not to be wondered " at, that, of many ſervants who were recom- " mended to me, and ſome that were actually hired, " very few could, for a long time, be prevailed " upon to live with me."* — " My eldeſt ſon was " ſettled in a buſineſs, which promiſed to be very " advantageous, at Mancheſter; but his partner, " though a man of liberality himſelf, informed him, " on perceiving the general prevalence of the ſpi- " rit which produced the riots in Birmingham, that, " owing to his relationſhip to *me*, he was under the " neceſſity of propoſing a ſeparation, which accord- " ingly took place." — " Many times, I have been " burnt in effigy along with Mr. Paine; and num- " berleſs inſulting and threatening letters have been " ſent to me from *all parts of the kingdom*" — Ill " treated as I had been, not merely by the populace " of Birmingham, but by *the country in general*, " and afterwards by the *Repreſentatives of the Na- " tion*, † I own I was not without deliberating on " the ſubject of emigration."

* Servants *in England* have a character to preſerve, I ſuppoſe.

† He might have made an exception or two here; for, among the Lords, he had for advocate the Earl of Stanhope; whom an Engliſh author very aptly compares to *Praiſe-God Bare-Bones*; and among the Commons, he had the immaculate Charles Fox. A ſingle word of praiſe from men like theſe would blaſt the character of a Saint.

Was it a "hazard aſſertion" then, to ſay, that he fled into baniſhment covered with the univerſal deteſtation of his countrymen?

But, though the above quotations moſt amply prove that he was deteſted by the whole nation, from the Peer to the Pariſh-Boy, and that he was a volunteer emigrant about as much as one of the hurlers that our tarpawlings catch on the coaſt of Ireland, yet the real cauſe of his emigration remains to be explained.

While the Birmingham affair was freſh in the Doctor's mind, he ſays that he had ſome thoughts of emigration; but that, all things conſidered, he "determined to ſtay in England, expoſed as he "was to every kind of obloquy and inſult." He therefore went to Hackney, to ſucceed his dear friend and fellow labourer of factious memory, Doctor Price. Here, as appears by his own words above quoted, the people diſliked him ſo much, that he was obliged to remove to Clapton. At this place he found the peace and tranquility he ſought, and for that reaſon, ſays he, "I took a long leaſe of "my houſe, and expended a conſiderable ſum in "improving it. I alſo determined, with the aſſiſ-"tance of my friends, to reſume my philoſophical "and other purſuits; and after an interruption "amounting to about two years, it was with a "pleaſure, that I cannot deſcribe, that I entered "my new laboratory, and began the moſt common "preparatory proceſſes, with a view to ſome *origi-"nal enquiries.*"

Here then we ſee him (in the month of Auguſt, 1793) in quiet poſſeſſion of every thing he wanted to enjoy. What then could make him come off to to America ſo ſoon after? If he had determined to ſtay,

ſtay, when expoſed to every kind of obloquy and inſult, what could make him fly away when no longer expoſed to it? It muſt be allowed that the Doctor's paſſion for controverſy and perſecution is ſuch as would excuſe a belief that he grew angry with the people for letting him alone; but candour obliges me to confeſs that this was not the caſe in the preſent inſtance; for he was going on very diligently with his proceſſes and his "original enquiries." Yes, reader, it was theſe curſed "*original* enquiries" that did all the miſchief. For the Doctor, being in the height of them, happened to fall upon a WONDERFUL DISCOVERY, which, though *erroneous*, was not *original*. However, all would yet have been ſafe, if he had kept it within the walls of his laboratory; but his communicative temper would not permit him to do this, and the unfortunate *wonderful diſcovery* made its public entry into the bookſeller's ſhops on the 16th of November, 1793.

This brought him a "*New Year's Gift*" from Doctor Harrington, his old antagoniſt and his conqueror, as we ſhall ſee by the following extract from the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1794.

"Doctor Prieſtley, immediately after the Birmingham riots, might be ſuppoſed to have real cauſe of alarm. But as his reſolution withſtood the firſt fury of the flood, it is rather extraordinary that he ſhould now all at once turn coward, and fly to America. He muſt ſurely be greatly at a loſs for ſolid reaſons, when he thinks it worth while to advance ſuch trifling circumſtances as the goſſipping of his ſervant-maid with the neighbours, or the fooliſh declaration of an individual before one of his congregration. But that the

" Doctor was able to brave theſe dreadful denun-
" ciations and the terrors of his maid, appears from
" his venturing to take a long leaſe of his houſe, ex-
" pending a conſiderable ſum of money upon it, and
" accepting the contributions of his friends towards
" another apparatus, laboratory, &c. The Doctor,
" as a prudent man, would certainly not have ex-
" pended his money thus, had he not fully determin-
" ed again to remain in the kingdom."

" Then what, give me leave to aſk, Mr. Urban,
" can have ſo lately happened to make him alter his
" reſolution? As there appears to be ſomething
" which the Doctor is at pains to conceal, it may be
" worth while to enquire what it is."

" Doctor Prieſtley, Sir, for many years, had been
" acquiring a very high degree of fame from his
" chemical and philoſophical experiments. Accord-
" ing to his own account, it was this great reputa-
" tion which gave him ſo much conſequence in the
" eyes of the French philoſophers, and which ſanc-
" tioned his other purſuits. On the 16th of Novem-
" ber laſt he publiſhed a pamphlet, in a very boaſt-
" ing and exulting ſtyle, informing the world, that
" he had made a moſt important diſcovery, that
" water was formed of dephlogiſticated and phlo-
" giſticated airs; the ſame airs, and the ſame pro-
" portions, which your correſpondent Doctor Har-
" rington obſerves, that the Honourable Mr. Caven-
" diſh, from his miſtaken experiments, conſiders as
" conſtituting the nitrous acid. The abſurdity of
" theſe opinions has been pointed out by Doctor
" Harrington in your Magazine for January and
" February laſt; in which it is moſt clearly and ſatis-
" factorily ſhown in what manner Doctor Prieſtley
" was miſtaken: proving at the ſame time the real

" formation

" formation of the different airs, displaying the very " great futility and the errors of our modern che- " mistry; and, at the same time, bringing the " very heavy charge of plagiarism upon Doctor " Priestley."*

" As Doctor Priestley, in this last pamphlet, " announced his intentions of publishing again very " soon, having materials for another by him, expres- " sing apprehensions lest any person should interfere " with him in these experiments, I expected every " day to hear of the Doctor's vindicating himself and " his opinions, answering the charges of Doctor " Harrington, or acknowledging his philosophical " mistakes. Instead of which, to my very great " surprize, I am informed he is stealing off to Ameri- " ca; thus leaving his antagonist master of the field, " and only saying that the world may hear of him " again in his chemical pursuits. This is certainly " very different from what he gave us reason to ex- " pect, when he announced to the world, in his os- " tentatious pamphlet, that we might expect to hear " regularly from him. But, I think, you will agree " with me, that he has totally fled from his aërial " chemistry, and, what is the most aukward and " extraordinary thing of all, without one word of " defence from the charges of philosophical pla- " giarism."

" It was not till Doctor Priestley received the " New Year's Gift of your January and February " Magazine, that he was in earnest about America. " And, I am informed, that he was so much afraid

* See the *New Year's Gift* to Dr. Priestley. Gentlemen's Magazine, for Jan. and Feb. 1794.

" that he ſhould receive another from the ſame va-
" luable work, that he got on board the ſhip the
" very evening before the Magazine for the month
" of March made its appearance, although the ſhip
" was not likely to fail immediately."

Was it a " hazarded aſſertion" then, to ſay that the great philoſopher was accuſed and convicted of plagiariſm, and that he ſtaid in England till he ſaw no hopes of recovering a loſt reputation?

It has been already obſerved, that the Doctor merited the univerſal odium he laboured under in England, and we find nothing in his juſtificatory preface to his farewel ſermon (which was re-publiſhed at Philadelphia as an indirect anſwer to the firſt edition of this pamphlet) that ought to induce us to reject this opinion. For it certainly will not be pretended that his being hated by King, Lords and Commons, by high and low, rich and poor, churchmen and diſſenters, proves him to be an innocent inoffenſive man: on the contrary, if that trivial and favourite republican maxim, " the voice of the people is the voice of God," be founded in truth, then does the Doctor ſtand condemned by God as well as man.

But let us hear a little of what he ſays in his vindication.

After ſtating that he had been unjuſtly charged with being a ſeditious, factious politician, he ſays; " let any one only caſt his eyes over the long liſt of " my publications, and he will ſee that they relate " almoſt wholly to *theology*, &c." And he has taken care to publiſh this liſt at Philadelphia, amounting

amounting to *ſeventy five* different works. Yes, "by thy works ſhalt thou be judged," but not by the *number* of them.

He tells us he hardly ever meddled with *politics*, and in the very next paragraph, acknowledges that he wrote a ſmall anoymous pamphlet (when he was a younger man) in favour of *Wilkes and Liberty*. Mr. Wilkes has had the good ſenſe to retract moſt of the wild notions that the Doctor wrote to defend, and happy would it have been for the latter if he had profited from age, and from the example of his patron. Mr. Wilkes is now a determined champion of that conſtitution that the Doctor wanted to deſtroy, and accordingly he occupies one of the firſt offices in the firſt city in the world, while Doctor Prieſtley is a very inſignificant ſettler in a town conſiſting of a couple of hundred of wooden houſes.

Another work he wrote, addreſſed to the diſſenters, on the ſubject of the approaching war with America; which he ſays was *diſtributed in great numbers by his friends*, and *not without effect*. The ſubject of this work, and the good it was intended to do *his* country are eaſily conceived, as he tells us it was written at the *requeſt* of *Doctor Francklin*— He does not tell us whether he was paid in ſterling or continental money for this work.

On this occaſion the reader will pleaſe to bear in mind, that I am not pretending that *we* ought to diſlike Doctor Prieſtley; for he is certainly as much entitled to our gratitude and eſteem as Arnold was to that of the Britiſh.

After

After this, he ſays he meddled no more with *politics*; "except as far as the buſineſs of the *Teſt* "*Act* and all *civil eſtabliſhments of religion* had a "concern with politics."* And yet he was *no factious politician!*

Boaſting of his intimate connexion with Doctors Price and Francklin is a droll way of proving the peaceableneſs of his diſpoſition, and his attachment to his country. With full as much reaſon might he boaſt of being a relation of *Jenny Cameron*, or *Guy Fawkes*.

Francklin, Price, and Prieſtley! A precious trio! well worthy of each other. Methinks I ſee them now in one of their dark conſultations, like the three Weird Siſters round their cauldron, brewing

"Double, double, toil and trouble;

"Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

As for Benjamin Francklin, Eſqr. and SoapBoiler, his character for *peaceableneſs* is as well known as his character for *gratitude* and *integrity*; and moſt people know that the "political divine," Price, ſpent the greateſt part of a too long life in endeavouring to blow up the flames of rebellion in England.

* This is the great ſtumbling block of the Engliſh Diſſenters. What can there be in this *Teſt Act* that makes them ſo unhappy? Why, it prevents them from obtaining——not the *kingdom of heaven*, but *lucrative employments*. Is it not amazing, that people, who are ſo very godly that they cannot conform to the eſtabliſhed religion of the country, ſhould trouble themſelves about places and penſions? They are continually telling us that their kingdom is not of this world, and yet they want to reign. I think, however, it would be but right to grant them what Helvetius was willing to grant the Prieſts; every thing *above* the tops of the houſes.

He

He was one of the principal projectors of the famous college of diſſenting Jeſuits at Hackney; from whence were to come the Titus Oateſes of an Unitarian Plot. *

It is pretty clear that the preface, to which I have been ſo often obliged, was intended more to procure the Doctor a favourable reception *here*, than to reconcile him to his countrymen; and, in this reſpect, the thing was prudent, though the publiſhing of it in England was certainly a trait of inſolence, unparalleled even in the annals of Unitarianiſm. It was courting a kick on the breech by way of farewel ſalute; but even in this he was diſappointed, and was at laſt obliged to come off without, or even ſo much as a box on the ear to afford an excuſe for his whining, and for the milk-ſop ſighs of the New York Societies.

I have heard many grave people, and by no means anarchiſts, expreſs a ſorrow for the ill uſage Doctor Prieſtley received in England. But *how* was he ill uſed?—He was threatened;—people would not let him into their houſes;—ſervants would not live with him;—a farmer would not learn his ſon huſbandry;—a mechanic turned another ſon out of his partnerſhip;—Doctor Horſley would not ſubſcribe to his antichriſtian theology, nor Doctor Harrington to his aërial chemiſtry. Well, and what then? Do we

* When this pious old Apoſtle of diſcord heard of the triumphs of the Paris mob, and of the bloody ſcenes that enſued, he exclaimed: "Lord, now let thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen "thy *ſalvation.*" Pretty *ſalvation*, truely. According to my ideas of *damnation*, the ſcenes that have taken place in France, ſince the Revolution, reſemble it as much as any thing on earth can do. I am ſure there has been a continual "weeping and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth."

call

call this ill uſuage? Grant me patience! have not the people of England a right to like and diſlike whom they pleaſe, as well as the people of America?

If, as I have already obſerved, he had fallen into the hands of a French mob—but ſtop; we have no occaſion to croſs the ſea. If he had fallen into the hands of an American mob, how would he have fared? Let us ſee.

"About twelve perſon, armed and painted black, "in the night of the 10th of June, broke into the "houſe of *John Lynn*, where the office was kept, "and after having ſeduced him to come down ſtairs, "and put himſelf in their power, they ſeized him, "threatened to hang him, took him to a retired ſpot "in the neighbouring wood; and there, after cut-"ting off his hair, tarring and feathering him, ſwore "him never again to allow the uſe of his houſe for "an exciſe office: having done which, they bound "him naked to a tree, and left him in that ſituation "till morning. Not content with this, the malcon-"tents, ſome days after, made him another viſit; "pulled down part of his houſe, and put him in a "ſituation to be obliged to become an exile from his "home, and to find an *aſylum* elſewhere."

This is no "hazarded aſſertion," at any rate; unleſs Mr. Hamilton hazarded it; for it is taken from his report to the Preſident of the United States.

This mob ſtopped the mail, cut open the bags, and took out the letters. This mob *killed* ſeveral perſons, took others priſoners, and uſed the *Marſhall* in particular extremely cruelly: they even went ſo far as to preſent their pieces at him with every ap-

pearance

pearance of an intention to aſſaſſinate. And yet neither the *Marſhall* nor *Lynn* has ever had any thoughts of *emigrating*.

Has any thing of this kind ever happened to Doctor Prieſtley? Has the weight of a ſingle finger ever been laid upon him, or any of his family? "You "have," ſay the addreſſers at New-York, "fled from "the rude arm of violence, from the *rod* of lawleſs "power:—We have learned with regret and indig- "nation the abandoned proceedings of thoſe ſpoilers "who deſtroyed your houſe and goods, ruined your "philoſophical apparatus and library, committed "to the flames your manuſcripts, pryed into the "ſecrets of your private papers, and, in their *barba- "rian fury*, put your life itſelf in *danger*.—We enter, "Sir, with emotion and ſympathy into the numerous "ſacrifices you muſt have made to an undertaking, "which ſo eminently exhibits our country as an "aſylum for the perſecuted and oppreſſed." All this was extremely apropos in the midſt of the Weſtern inſurrection. If it was "*barbarian fury*" to put *life in danger*, what was it to *take life away?* The people over the mountains ſeem to have revolted on purpoſe to make theſe addreſſers a laughing-ſtock. Are they not aſhamed to have made a canting, ſympathetic addreſs to a ſtranger, whoſe ſufferings, if real, they knew nothing about, while they have borne with a more than ſtoic firmneſs, and *without a ſingle addreſs*, the well known ſufferings of their own countrymen? They want the Pittſburg affair forgotton; why then do they want to perpetuate the memory of the Birmingham riots? "Thou hypocrite, firſt caſt the beam out of thine "own eye; and then ſhalt thou ſee clearly to caſt "the mote out of thy brother's eye."

The

The Doctor complains again in his preface, of partiality in the courts of juſtice; and ſays, "I am "not unaffected by the unexampled puniſhments of "Mr. *Muir* and my *friend* Mr. *Palmer*, for offences, "which, if, in the eye of reaſon, they be any at all, "are ſlight, and *very inſufficiently proved*. But the "ſentence of Mr. *Winterbothom*, for delivering from "the pulpit *what I am perſuaded he never did de-"liver*, and which, ſimilar evidence might have "drawn down on myſelf, has ſomething in it ſtill "more alarming." Aye, aye, very alarming, without doubt, but nothing like Doctor Harrington's New year's Gift!

This is another pretty bold trait of modeſty and moderation. Here are three courts of juſtice, three grand and three petty juries all condemned in the lump. If what the Doctor ſays be true, then were the Engliſh all become a neſt of ſcoundrels and perjurers, except his innocent ſelf, his three ſons, and his worthy *friends* the Botany-Bay Convicts; but, if what he ſays be not true, what did he deſerve at the hands of the Engliſh, for thus aiming a ſtab at their reputation?

There are ſome among us, who pretend to have a belief in this partial juſtice in Great Britain; and the hobgoblin accounts of it have been noiſed about theſe ſtates, in a ſtyle that would have ſounded well from the top of a chimney, or at the bar of a brothel; but, unfortunately for our political vultures, the trial of *Hardy* has undeceived every one that is capable of thinking.

When the account of this trial firſt arrived, it cauſed nearly as great joy, among ſome people, as did the "*taking* of *Amſterdam*," or the ſending of

"the

"the *Duke of York* to Paris in an *iron cage*;" in fact, it was almoſt of feſtivic conſequence. But this was ſoon perceived to be an egregious blunder. People began to reflect. What, ſaid they, there is ſome juſtice left in England then? The nation is not become "one *inſular Baſtile?*"

What a chance would poor *Hardy* have ſtood before the Revolutionary Tribunal at Paris or Bourdeaux? Would he have had *eight days* trial? Would he have had *eight minutes?* Would the *ſans-culotte* populace have carried him home amidſt acclamations? No; unleſs it had been to his laſt home. It appears that Meſſrs. Erſkine and Gibbs have received great and deſerved applauſe for their able defence of an innocent man, and that the government has not touched a hair of their heads.—Where is Monſieur *De Malſherbe*, the generous *De Malſherbe*, who ſtepped forth at the age of 75 to defend his innocent and deſerted Sovereign?——Where is he?—Numbered with the dead! Gone to the receptacle of all that was eſtimable in France!——Neither his admired talents, his long and eminent ſervices, his generous fidelity, his gray hairs, nor his ſpotleſs life, could ſave him from the fury of thoſe regenerated ruffians, whom Doctor Prieſtley does not bluſh to call his "dear fellow citizens."*

Every man that is condemned in England, whether it be by the public voice, or by a court of juſtice, is ſure, according to ſome people, to be vilely treated.—The people are ſlaves;—the jury was packed.——But how would this meaſure ſuit if meted to ourſelves? A fellow, who was hanged here the other day, told the croud, juſt as he was

* Monſr. De Seze, the ſecond counſel of Louis XVI, ſaved his life by flight.

going

going off, that he had no doubt but the greateſt part of them merited the ſame fate. * This "farewel ſermon" was full as modeſt as Doctor Prieſtley's; but if the Engliſh were to pretend to believe that the majority of us deſerve the halter, ſhould we not call them a ſet of narrow-ſouled, ill-natured, envious wretches? Certainly we ſhould, and with a great deal of juſtice too.

I ſhould here put an end to my obſervations, flattering myſelf that the whole buſineſs of the Doctor's emigration has been ſet in a pretty fair light; but, as he has lately publiſhed ſomething, which he calls an *Anſwer* to Paine's *Age of Reaſon*, and, as he there attempts to wipe off the charge of *deiſm*, I look upon myſelf as called upon to ſay a word or two in reply.

This *Anſwer* conſiſts of a number of letters, addreſſed to the *philoſophers* in France, and to a *philoſophical* unbeliever. In the preface, the Doctor ſays: "The more I attend to this ſubject, the more "ſenſible I am that no defence of chriſtianity can "be of any avail 'till it be freed from the many "*corruptions* and abuſes which have *hitherto* en-"cumbered it." Among theſe *corruptions* he numbers, *atonement*, *incarnation* and the *trinity*; and, ſays he: "The *expoſing* of theſe *corruptions* I there-"fore think to be the moſt eſſential preliminary to "the defence of chriſtianity, and conſequently I "ſhall omit no fair opportunity of reprobating them "in the ſtrongeſt terms, to whatever odium I may "expoſe myſelf." He has been as good as his

* See the American Daily Advertiſer.

word;

word; for the whole piece appears to be an attack on the doctrine of the *trinity* rather than an *Anſwer* to Paine. *

He begins the firſt letter with telling us that he has "read with pleaſure, and even with enthuſiaſm, "the *admirable* report of Robeſpierre on the ſubject "of morals and religion." Now it is well known that this report contained a regular plan for eſtabliſhing a *deiſtical* worſhip in France; and it is alſo well known, that Paine wrote his book to flatter Robeſpierre, and by that means to procure his own diſcharge from priſon. How comes it then that the Doctor ſhould *admire* the principles of the one, and pretend to *anſwer* thoſe of the other?

He very artfully cries off all acquaintance with Voltaire, Rouſſeau and Gibbon; but he knows they are in a place whence they cannot anſwer him. However, Gibbon left him a letter that he ought not to have forgotten ſo ſoon.—The Doctor, having no *wonderful diſcovery* upon his hands, wrote to Mr. Gibbon, not long before the death of the latter, challenging him to the combat. This Mr. Gibbon very politely declined, by ſaying, that he could never bring himſelf to diſpute with a perſon from whoſe writings he had in a great meaſure imbibed his principles; adding, that if the Doctor was really

* If the reader looks over the firſt and ſecond chapters of the Goſpel according to St. Matthew, he will ſee every thing that is neceſſary to confirm him in the doctrines that Doctor Prieſtley thinks it his duty to *reprobate in the ſtrongeſt terms*. But the Doctor gets rid of this proof, which he knows to be in every one's hands, by telling us that thoſe two chapters are "ſpurious;" that is to ſay, *falſe*. This is a knock-me-down argument. He will certainly tell us that the firſt chapter of the Goſpel of St. John is "ſpurious" alſo; and thus he may go on 'till he leaves us but juſt enough text to make up an Unitarian Creed.

become a convert to chriſtianity ſince he had received the laſt anſwer from Doctor Horſley, he thought, the probable remainder of his life was by no means too long to repair the injury the former part of it had done; and therefore, adviſed him not to loſe his time in vain and unprofitable diſpute. If the Doctor had followed this ſalutary advice, we ſhould have been ſpared the pains of ſeeing an old man turned of ſixty amuſing himſelf and the world with a ſham anſwer to the wild incoherent blaſphemy of a poor unhappy wretch, whom diſappointment and hunger had driven to deſpair, and who would have turned Turk, Jew, or even Eunuch, for an extraordinary biſcuit, or a bundle of ſtraw.*

The Doctor boaſts of his having been elected a Deputy to the National Convention, and ſtyles himſelf their "*highly honored* fellow citizen." It is ſubject both of wonder and regret, that he did not prefer France to America: he was preſſed to go there, which he never was to come here; there he could have done no harm; here he may. If he had gone to his adopted country, and accompanied his colleague, Paine, in his legiſlative career, he might have had an opportunity of *anſwering* him by word of mouth. The bottom of a dungeon would have been a very fit place for them to debate, like Milton's fallen Angels, on the ſureſt means of ſowing diſcord among mankind, and ſeducing them from their Maker.

One obſervation more on this *anſwer* to Paine, and I diſmiſs it for ever.

The zealous *anſwerer* boaſts of his freedom as an *American*, at the ſame time that he calls himſelf a

*When we reflect on the degradation of this quondam Legiſlator, it is ſome conſolation that he is an Engliſhman.

citizen

citizen of France, and a Fellow of the *Royal* ſociety of London! This is being literally, "all things to all men." With the Engliſh he is a *Royaliſt*, with the Americans a *Republican*, and with the French a *Carmagnole*. Thus the triple Goddeſs (under whoſe influence, Doctor Harrington ſwears, he acts) is called *Luna* in heaven, *Diana* on earth, and *Hecate* in Hell.

Before I bid the Doctor adieu, I ſhould be glad to aſk him how he finds himſelf in his "*aſylum*." It is ſaid, he has declared that the duplicity of our Land-Jobbers is more to be feared than the outrages of a Birmingham Mob; and, indeed, if all his complaints had had the ſame appearance of being well founded, the public would never have been troubled with theſe obſervations; for, there is little doubt of his having been moſt cruelly fleeced. This honeſt profeſſion, vulgarly called land-jobbing, a member of Congreſs very juſtly ſtyled "ſwindling upon a broad ſcale;" it is, in fact, a South-Sea bubble upon *terra firma*, as hundreds and thouſands of ruined foreigners, beſides Doctor Prieſtley, can teſtify.

It is to be hoped that the Doctor's anger againſt his country is by this time nearly aſſuaged: dear bought experience has at laſt taught him, that an Utopia never exiſted any where but in a delirious brain. He thought, like too many others, to find America a Terreſtrial Paradiſe, a Land of Canaan, where he would have nothing to do but open his mouth, and ſwallow the milk and honey: but, alas! he is now convinced, I believe, that thoſe who cultivate the fertile Leſowes of Warwickſhire,

"Where all around the gentleſt breezes play,
"Where gentle muſic melts on every ſpray,

have little reaſon to envy him his rocks and his ſwamps, the muſic of his bull frogs, and the ſtings of his muſquitos.

In the preface, ſo often mentioned, the Doctor expreſſes a deſire of one day returning to "the land that gave him birth;" and, no offence to the New York addreſſers, I think we ought to wiſh that this deſire may be very ſoon accompliſhed. He is a bird of paſſage that has viſited us, only to avoid the rigour of an inclement ſeaſon: when the reanimating ſunſhine of revolution ſhall burſt forth on his native clime, we may hope to ſee him prune his wings, and take his flight from the dreary banks of the Suſquehannah to thoſe of the Thames, or the Avon.

THE

SHORT BUT COMPREHENSIVE

STORY

OF A

FARMER'S BULL.

A CERTAIN troubleſome fellow, who turned his back upon the church, having occaſion to paſs through a large farm yard in his way to Meeting-houſe, met with a fine majeſtic venerable old Bull, lying down at his eaſe, and baſking in the ſun-ſhine. This Bull was at times the tameſt creature in the world; he would ſuffer the curs to yelp at him, the flies to teaſe him, and even ſome of the miſchievous fellows to pull him by the horns. He was at this very moment in one of his gentleſt humours; ruminating upon paſt and preſent ſcenes of delight; contemplating the neighbouring dairy and the farm-yard, where the milch cows had all their bags diſtended till they were nearly running over; the calves, and the pigs, and the poultry, were friſking, and grunting, and crowing on every dung-hill; the granaries were full, and the barns ready to burſt: there were, beſides, many a good rick of wheat, and barley, and oats, and peaſe, and beans, and hay, and rye-graſs, and clover. The dairy was full of curds, and cream, and butter, and cheeſe of every kind. To be

be ſure, there was plenty for the maſter and his family, and all the ſervants, and every body belonging to the farm. Nay, thoſe that were poor and needy, and idle, and lazy, and ſick, and proud, and ſaucy, and old, and infirm, and ſilly, were freely ſupplied: and even this troubleſome fellow himſelf, notwithſtanding he had long ſince quarrelled with the head farmer and all his beſt friends, and an old grudge was ſubſiſting betwixt them, yet, upon making a ſolemn promiſe to do no miſchief, had free ingreſs, egreſs, and regreſs, into every part of the farm and the dairy, and was at liberty to help himſelf whereever he liked. In ſhort, he was allowed to do any thing but *ſkim the cream* and ſet *his own mark upon the butter.*

Now, becauſe the Bull had happened to place himſelf acroſs his favourite foot-path, although there was plenty of room to the right and to the left, nothing would ſatisfy this impudent fellow, but he muſt kick *Old John*, for that was the Bull's name, out of his way: and all the world agrees that *John* ſuffered him to kick a long while, before he ſhewed the leaſt inclination to riſe and reſent the affront. At laſt, however, he got upon his legs, and began to look round him; but ſtill it was a look of contempt only, which the fooliſh fellow miſtook for the marks of fear; and now, growing bolder and bolder, and hallooing the curs, and calling all his comrades to prick and goad him in the tendereſt parts of his body, the Bull began to threaten and roar. This was on the 14th of July, one of the hotteſt days in the ſummer, when ſomebody threw a fiery ſtick under his tail, at the very moment that a parcel of impudent half-witted fellows were trying to flouriſh a French flambeau (lighted and blazing at both ends) full in his face.— No wonder that the Bull ſhould

ſet

ſet off with a vengeance into the ſtreet: — down went the gingerbread-ſtalls, and the hard-ware ſhops, the buckle-menders, and the razor-grinders, and the dagger-makers: he even got into private houſes, and in one place threw down whole baſkets full of bottles and chemical glaſſes, crucibles and gun-barrels; — ſmaſh went all the jars of inflammable air, which inſtantly took fire, and ſpread all over the place; every thing went to rack and ruin; nothing was ſafe; even the religious houſes themſelves, where nothing had ever been heard but the moſt pious exhortations (like thoſe of Doctor Viceſſimus Knox) to peace and harmony, and obedience to the governing powers. In ſhort, nothing could pacify, or put a ſtop to, the fury of this poor enraged animal, till his honeſt maſter the farmer, as quiet and as good a kind of church-going man as ever lived in the world, father of a large family, hearing of the rumpus, ſent a number of his beſt and ſteadieſt old ſervants to muzzle the beaſt, which had already toſſed the fellow with the fiery ſtick over the tops of the houſes, and gored him in fifty different places. It was next to a miracle that he eſcaped with his life; and every body thought he had reaſon to be thankful that he got off ſo well as he did; but no ſooner did he find himſelf ſafe in a *Hackney*-coach, than, to the aſtoniſhment of all the world, he began to *preach* up his innocence, and to lodge a complaint againſt poor *Old John*, who, in the end, ſuffered a great deal more than himſelf. Some ſilly people pitied him; ſome laughed at him; others again were wicked enough to wiſh him at the devil: — even his beſt friends were aſhamed of him; and although they, one and all, defended him as much as they could in public, there was a confounded deal of muttering and grumbling in private. "I thought what it would come to," ſaid one; "a pretty

" a pretty method of driving a mad Bull through " the church-pales," ſaid another.

But, to go on with my ſtory; no ſooner was the Bull fairly muzzled, and properly confined, than the friends and neighbours on both ſides were called in, to enquire into the whole affair; but there was ſo many contradictory ſtories, that it was impoſſible to come at the truth how it happened, or who had firſt provoked him; but ſince it was plain to every body that *Old John* did the miſchief, and as he was proved to be the Town Bull, it was at laſt ſettled that the pariſh ſhould pay all the damages, for not keeping him in better order.

And here again was freſh matter for diſcontent: ſome thought it hard to pay for all the inflammable air, which had done full as much miſchief as the Bull. Others again objected to a monſtrous, out-of-the-way, heavy demand for a large quantity (ſeveral reams) of fools-cap paper, which had been ſcribbled upon, and ſpoiled long before the affair happened. Indeed, in the opinion of ſome ſenſible perſons, it was fit for nothing but kindling the fire.

But the ſtrangeſt part of the ſtory remains to be told; for when this buſtle was all over and ſettled, and every body thought the perverſe fellow was going to take to his church, and get his living in an honeſt way, what did he do but ſet to work bottling up his own f-rts, and ſelling them for ſuperfine inflammable air; and, what's ſtill worſe, had the impudence to want a patent for the *diſcovery*; and, indeed, a good many people were deceived for a long time; but, they ſay, two of a trade can never agree; and ſo it happened here; for a brother trade one day catched him at his dirty tricks, and expoſed him to the whole pariſh. After this, all the neighbours cried

cried ſhame on him: the women laughed, the girls they tittered, even the little boys pointed at him, and made game of him as he went along the ſtreet. In ſhort, one dark night, when all the neighbourhood was quiet, and every body faſt aſleep, up he got, and ſet off into the next pariſh, bag and baggage.

Here he trumped up a terrible ſtory, pretended to be frightened to death, and ſwore, and d——d his ſoul if the Bull was not juſt at his heels. The good folks, (who, by the bye, had a monſtrous grudge againſt *Old John)* believed him at once: and now there was the devil to do again; the women ſcreamed and fell into fits; out run the men and boys with broomſticks, and pitchforks, and ſcalping knives, to kill the Bull: but it was all a ſham, for poor *Old John* was quiet at home, grazing in the meadow, up to his eyes in clover, and blue-bells, and daffodils, and cow-ſlips, and primroſes, as contented as a lamb, and neither thinking nor caring any more about the fellow with the fiery ſtick than about one of the flies he was bruſhing off with his tail.

But the worſt of all is to come yet; for while theſe ſilly people were running about and making a hue and cry againſt *Old John*, their *own Bull* (a thirſty beaſt that they had penned up in a barren lot, without any pond or watering-place) broke looſe, and did ten times more miſchief than *John* had ever done. This made a fine laugh all round the country; every body ſaid it ſerved them juſt right; and ſo be ſure it did, for they ſhould have looked at home, and minded their own Bull, and not run bawling about after *Old John.*

FINIS.